THE

# Banquet of MUSICK:

OR,

A Collection of the newest and best SONGS sung at Court, and at Publick Theatres.

*WITH*

A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute*, *Bass-Viol*, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

*Composed by several of the Best Masters.*

The WORDS by the *Ingenious Wits* of this Age.

## THE SECOND BOOK.

*Guil: Vaughan Sculp:*

LICENSED,
*May* 3. 1688. *Rob. Midgley.*

*In the SAVOY:*
Printed by *E. Jones*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple* Church, 16

Mus 535.31 F *
Harvard College Library
Carrie Louise Nash Fund
June 27, 1928

# A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.


A.

| | Page |
|---|---|
| AH, *how pleaſant 'tis to love!* | 4 |
| *Ask me not what my Love ſhall do,* | 10 |
| *As poor* Aurelia *ſate alone,* | 17 |
| Amore non me tradir, (*An* Italian *Song.*) | 26 |

C.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cupid, *go and hang thy ſelf,* | 6 |
| *Come Poetry, and with you bring* | 28, 34 |
| Cloe, *your relenting Scorn,* | 38 |
| *Chaſt* Lucretia, | 42 |

D.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dite ò Cielo, (*An* Italian *Song.*) | 20, 22 |
| *Dry thoſe lamenting Eyes,* | 44 |

E.

| | |
|---|---|
| Euridice, *my fair,* (*A Dialogue.*) | 13 |

F.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Forgive me, if your Looks,* | 1 |

G.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Grant me, ye Gods, the Life I love,* | 2 |
| *How quick a Wit! How ſweet a Face,* | 8 |
| *How happy are they are below'd,* | 11 |
| *Honeſt Shepherd, ſince you're poor,* | 44 |

L.

| | |
|---|---|
| Laura, *whoſe harmleſs Charms,* | 3 |
| Lucinda, *cloſe or vail thoſe Eyes,* | 24 |
| *Love's Pow'r in my Heart,* | 26 |

N.

| | |
|---|---|
| *No more ſhall Meads, bedeck'd with Flow'rs,* | 7 |

P.

| | |
|---|---|
| Phillis, *I can ne're forgive it,* | 22 |

S.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sylvia, *now your Scorn give over,* | 4 |
| *She's loſt! Oh, why then ſhould I grieve,* | 18 |
| *Snatch'd from* Urania's *Charms,* | 21 |

T.

| | |
|---|---|
| *The cold Winter's gone,* | 27 |

U.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Unhappy* Thirſis! *there to love thy Fate,* | 16 |

W.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Why is your faithful Slave diſdain'd?* | 3 |
| *When gazing on his* Phillis *Eyes,* | 9 |
| What you pleaſe, *you always cry,* | 12 |
| *Within a ſolitary Grove,* | 20 |
| *Why weeps* Aſteria! | 29 |
| *When from the old* Chaos | 32 |
| *Will fair* Panthea's *cold Diſdain,* | 2, 40 |

## *MUSICK Books sold by* Henry Playford, *at his Shop near the* Temple *Church.*

*Canticum Sacra*, Hymns in Latin for two and three Voices to the *Organ*, by Mr. *R. Dearing*, in four Books in Fol. Price 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

*Canticum Sacra*, a second Set of Divine Hymns and Anthems, some in Latin and some in English, for two Voices to the *Organ*; composed by several eminent *English* Masters; in three Books in Folio. Price 4 *s.*

The Psalms of *David*, and other Sacred *Hymns*, according to the Common Tunes sung in Parish Churches composed in 4 Parts by *J. Playford*, and printed in Folio, proper both for publick and private use. Price 3 *s.*

*Harmonia Sacra*; containing Divine Poems, Hymns, and Dialogues, set to Musick by the best Masters; with a Thorow Bass for the Theorbo-Lute, Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ. The Words made by several Pious and Learned Persons.

The *Psalms* of *David* in Metre, as they are sung in all Parish Churches, with the proper Tune to every Psalm; composed in three Parts, *viz. Cantus, Medius*, and *Bassus*, by *John Playford*, and printed in a small Volume, convenient for to carry in the Pocket to Church. Price bound 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

A brief *Introduction* to the Skill of *Musick*, both Vocal and Instrumental, by *J. Playford*, newly Reprinted with Additions, containing the Art of Composing *Musick*, of two, three, and four Parts. Price bound 2 *s.*

The *Musical Companion*, containing variety of *Catches* of three and four Parts; to which is added, a *Second Part*, containing *Dialogues*, of two, three, and four Parts, in one Volume in Quarto. Price bound 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

The second Part of the *Musical Companion*, containing a new Collection of merry and Loyal *Catches*, and other *Songs* of two and three Parts. Price 2 *s.*

The *Treasury* of *Musick*, in Folio; containing three several Volumes of Select *Songs*, *Ayres*, and *Dialogues*, for one Voice to the *Theorbo-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*; composed by Mr. *Henry Lews*, and other eminent Masters. Price bound 10 *s.*

*Choice Songs*, *Ayres*, and *Dialogues*, in five several Volumes in Folio, being most of the newest *Songs* sung at Court, and at publick Theaters; composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick.

The *Theater* of *Musick*, in four Books in Folio, containing Songs and Dialogues sung at Court, and at publick Theaters; composed by the best Masters in Musick.

*Musick's Recreation* on the *Lyra-Viol*, containing variety of new *Lessons*, newly reprinted with Additions. Price stitch'd 2 *s.*

The *Dancing-Master*, or plain and easie Rules to dance Country Dances, with the proper Tune to each Dance, is new printed, with 57 new Dances never printed before. Price bound 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

*Musick's Handmaid*, containing choice Lessons for the *Virginals* and *Harpsichord*, newly reprinted with Additions of plain and easie Rules for Beginners to understand the *Gamut*, and the Notes, thereby to play from the Book; all engraven on Copper Plates. Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Pleasant Companion*, containing new and pleasant *Ayres* and *Tunes* for the *Flagelet*, with plain *Instructions* for *Learners*, newly reprinted with Additions. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

*Hymns* or *Motets* for two Voices to the *Organ*, composed by Mr. *Walter Porter*, sometime one of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Chappel. Price 2 *s.*

*Sonnata's* for two Violins and a Bass, with a Thorow-Bass for the *Harpsichord* or *Organ*; composed by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

The *Division Violin*, containing a choice Collection of Divisions for the *Treble-Violin*, to a Ground-Bass, all fairly engraven on Copper-plates, being of great benefit and delight for all Practitioners on the *Violin*, and are the first that ever were printed of this kind of Musick; with large Additions. Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Banquet of Musick*, the first Book, containing most of the newest *Songs* sung at Court, and at publick Theaters; composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick.

*Apollo's Banquet*, or the *Violin-Book*, containing new *Ayres*, *Theater Tunes*, *Horn-pipes*, *Jiggs*, and *Scotch Tunes*. The Second Part of this Book contains a Collection of *French-dance Tunes*, used at Court, and in Dancing-Schools; as several new *Brawls*, *Corants*, *Bore's*, *Minuets*, *Gavots*, *Sarabands*, *&c.* Most of which are proper to play on the *Recorder* or *Flute*, as well as on the *Violin*; lately printed with large Additions. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Delightful Companion*, a new Book of *Lessons* and *Instructions* for the *Recorder* or *Flute*. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

## *Other BOOKS sold at the same Shop.*

A Late Voyage to *Constantinople*, by *Joseph Grelot*, a Baron of *France*, and newly Translated into *English*; in which, is a Description of the *Turkish* Government; their Religion, Customs, and Manners also, which was never related by any Traveller before; the inside and outside of the ancient Fabrick *Santta Sophia*, and other *Mosques* now in *Constantinople*; all fairly describ'd and engraven in 18 Copper-plates. Price bound 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

*England's Black Tribunal*, containing the whole Proceedings of the Tryal of King *Charles* the First, together with His Speech upon the Scaffold, *Jan.* 30. 1648. To which is added, a full Relation of the Sufferings, and manner of putting to Death, all the *Loyal Nobility* and *Gentry*, who were inhumanly put to Death for their constant *Loyalty* to their Sovereign Lord the King, together with their several Dying-Speeches at their Execution, from 1642, to 1658. Price bound 2 *s.*

The History of that unfortunate Prince, King *Edward* the Second, and his unhappy Favourites, *Gaveston* and *Spencer*; written by the Right Honourable *Henry* Lord Viscount *Faulkland*. Price bound 1 *s.*

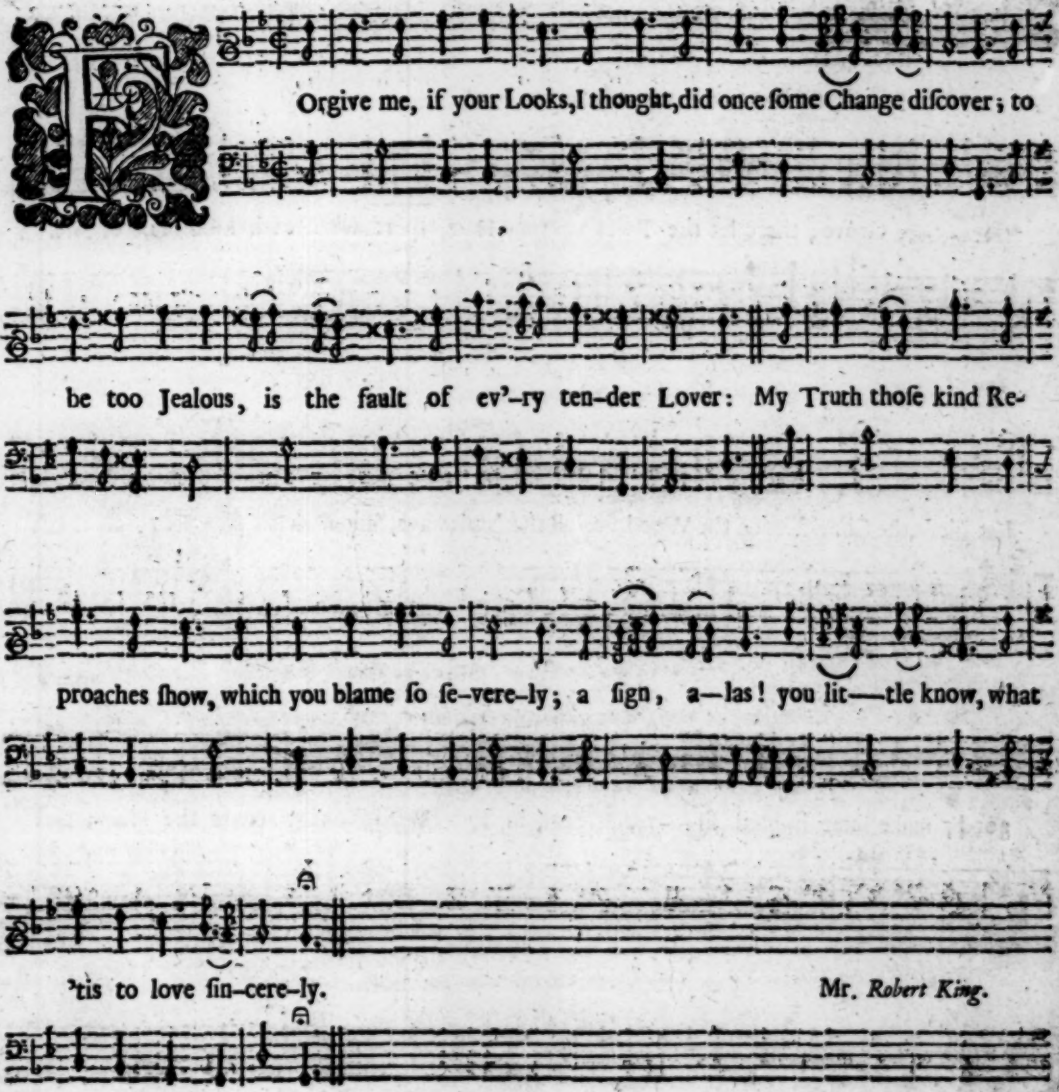
The *Psalms* of *David* in Metre, by the Right Reverend Father in God, *Henry King*, late Lord-Bishop of *Chichester*; proper to be sung to all the Common Tunes used in Parish-Churches, and designed for publick Use. Price bound 2 *s.*

*Wit* and *Mirth*, an Antidote against *Melancholy*, compounded of witty *Poems*, merry *Ballads*, pleasant *Songs* and *Catches*. Price bound 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Merry Companion*, or Second Part of the *Antidote* against *Melancholy*, compounded of merry *Tales*, witty *Jests*, and ridiculous *Bulls*: to which is added, several delightful *Histories*, *Tales*, and *Novels*, some of *Comical*, and some of *Tragical Adventures*. Price bound 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

All sorts of *Rul'd Paper*, and *Rul'd Books* of *MUSICK* of several sizes, are to be sold at the same Shop.

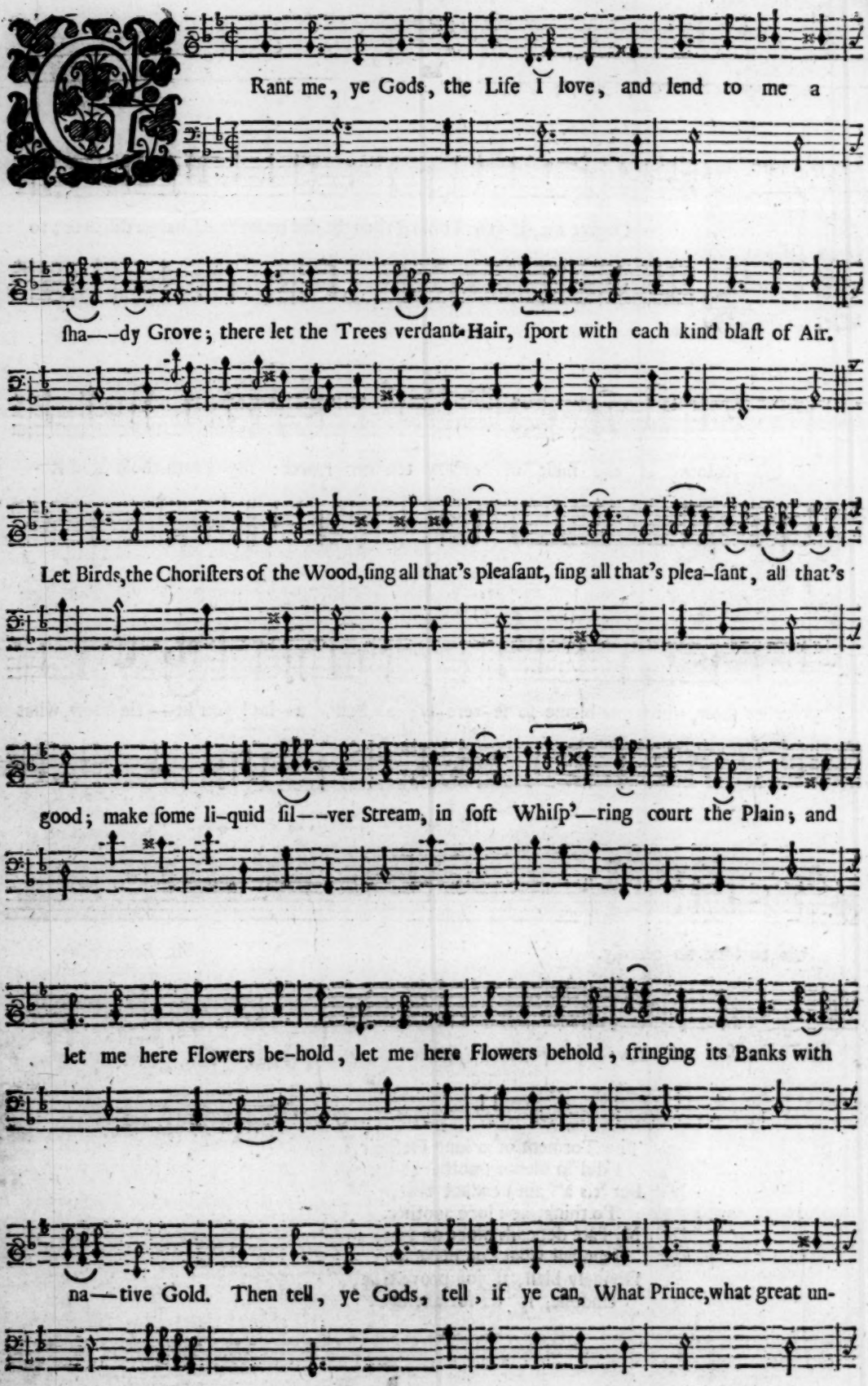
☞ Likewise there are sold all sorts of Curious Prints, *English*, *French*, and *Dutch*, either in Frames, or in Sheets, very Ornamental for Closets, or other Rooms; and all sorts of Mezzo-Tinto Prints.

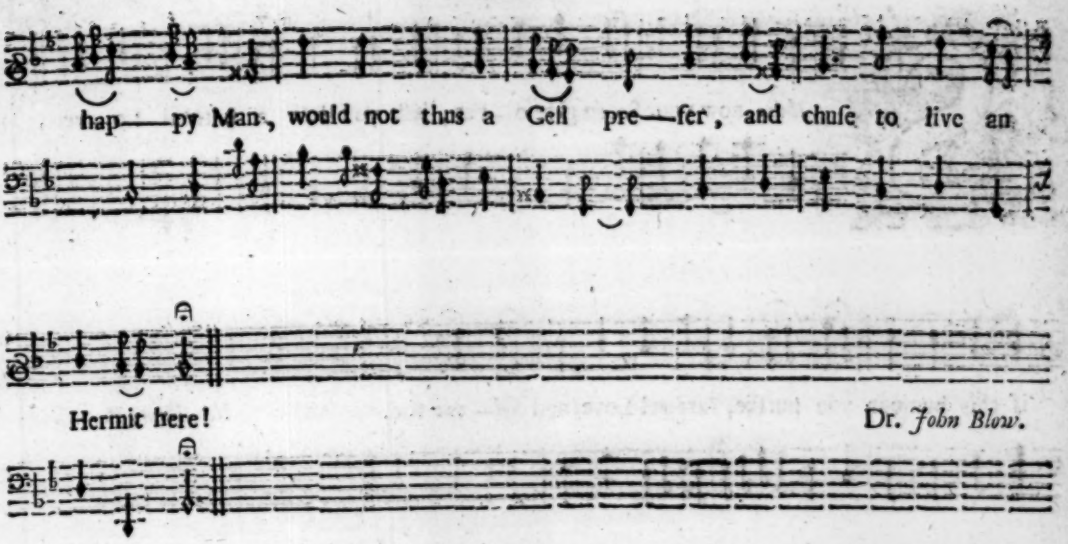


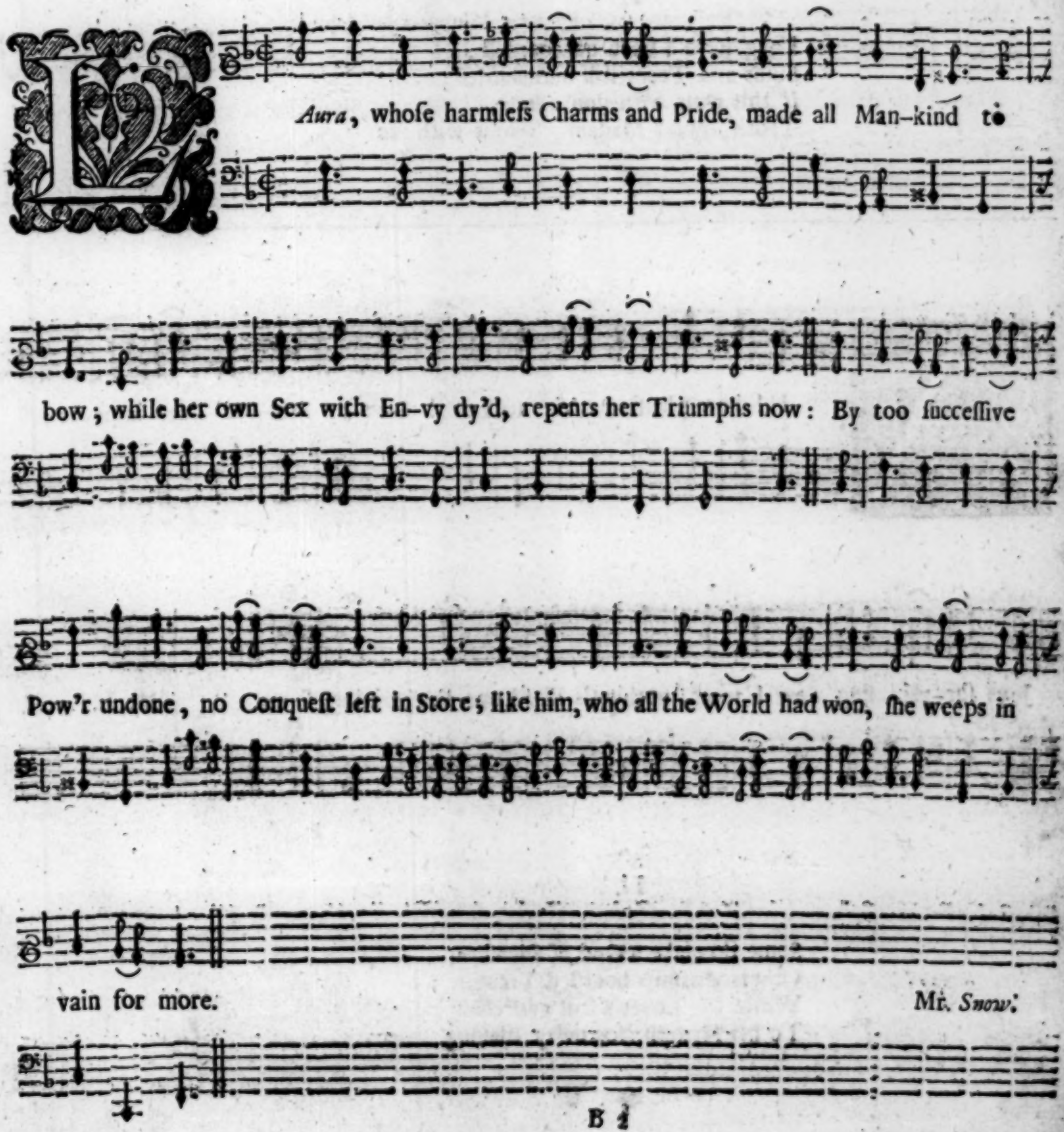

Mr. *Robert King.*

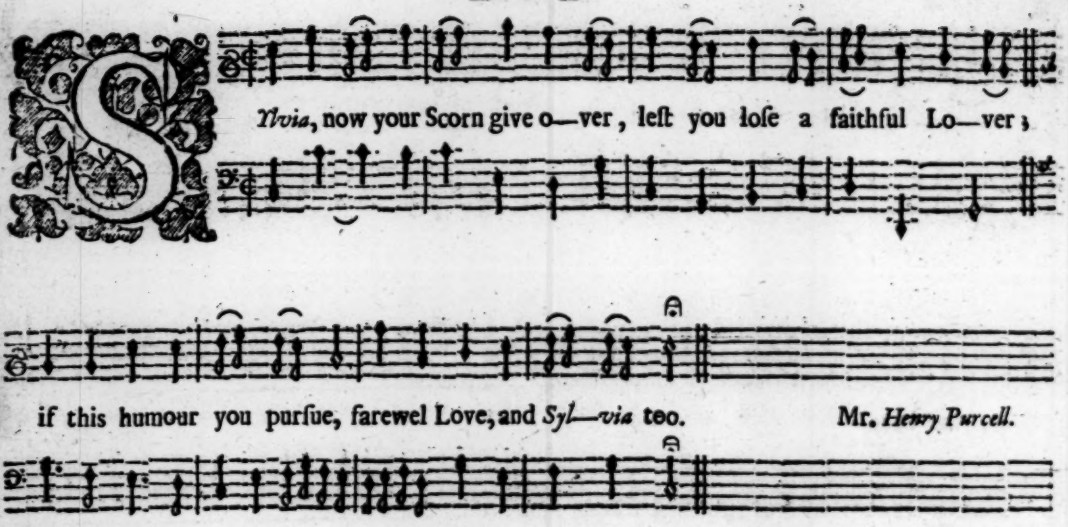
II.

The Torment of a long Deſpair,
I did in ſilence ſmother;
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,
To think, you love another.
My Fate depends alone on you,
I am but what you make me;
Divinely bleſt, if you prove true,
Undone, if you forſake me.


Grant me, ye Gods, the Life I love, and lend to me a
ſha--dy Grove; there let the Trees verdant Hair, ſport with each kind blaſt of Air.
Let Birds, the Choriſters of the Wood, ſing all that's pleaſant, ſing all that's plea-ſant, all that's
good; make ſome li-quid ſil--ver Stream, in ſoft Whiſp'-ring court the Plain; and
let me here Flowers be-hold, let me here Flowers behold, fringing its Banks with
na--tive Gold. Then tell, ye Gods, tell, if ye can, What Prince, what great un-


hap——py Man, would not thus a Cell pre—fer, and chuſe to live an
Hermit here!
Dr. John Blow.

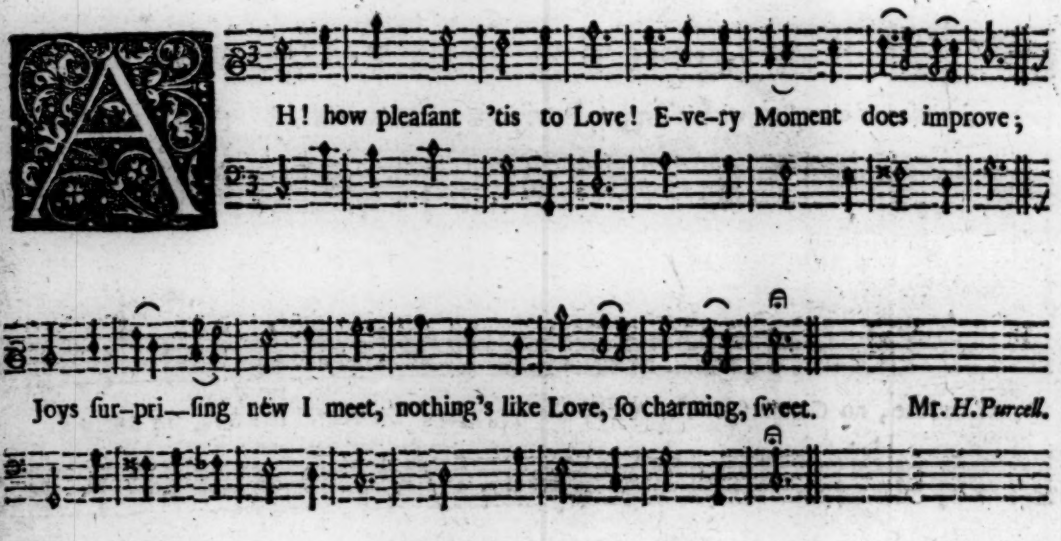

Aura, whoſe harmleſs Charms and Pride, made all Man-kind to
bow; while her own Sex with En-vy dy'd, repents her Triumphs now: By too ſucceſſive
Pow'r undone, no Conqueſt left in Store; like him, who all the World had won, ſhe weeps in
vain for more.
Mr. Snow.




II.

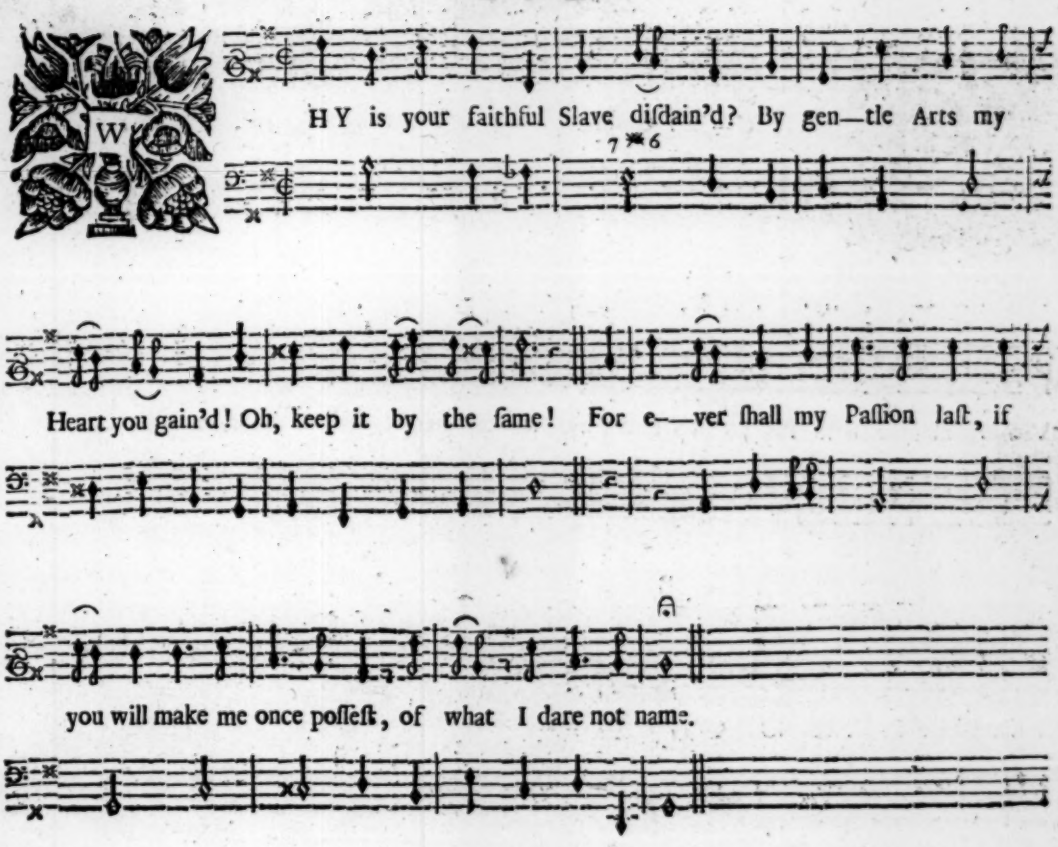
Long have I been unregarded,
Sighs and Tears ſtill unrewarded;
If this does with you agree,
Troth, good Madam, 'twont with me.

---




II.

Some do make a God of Pleaſure,
Others worſhip hoarded Treaſure;
While the Lover's ſtill addreſſing
To his Nymph, for ev'ry Bleſſing.




II.

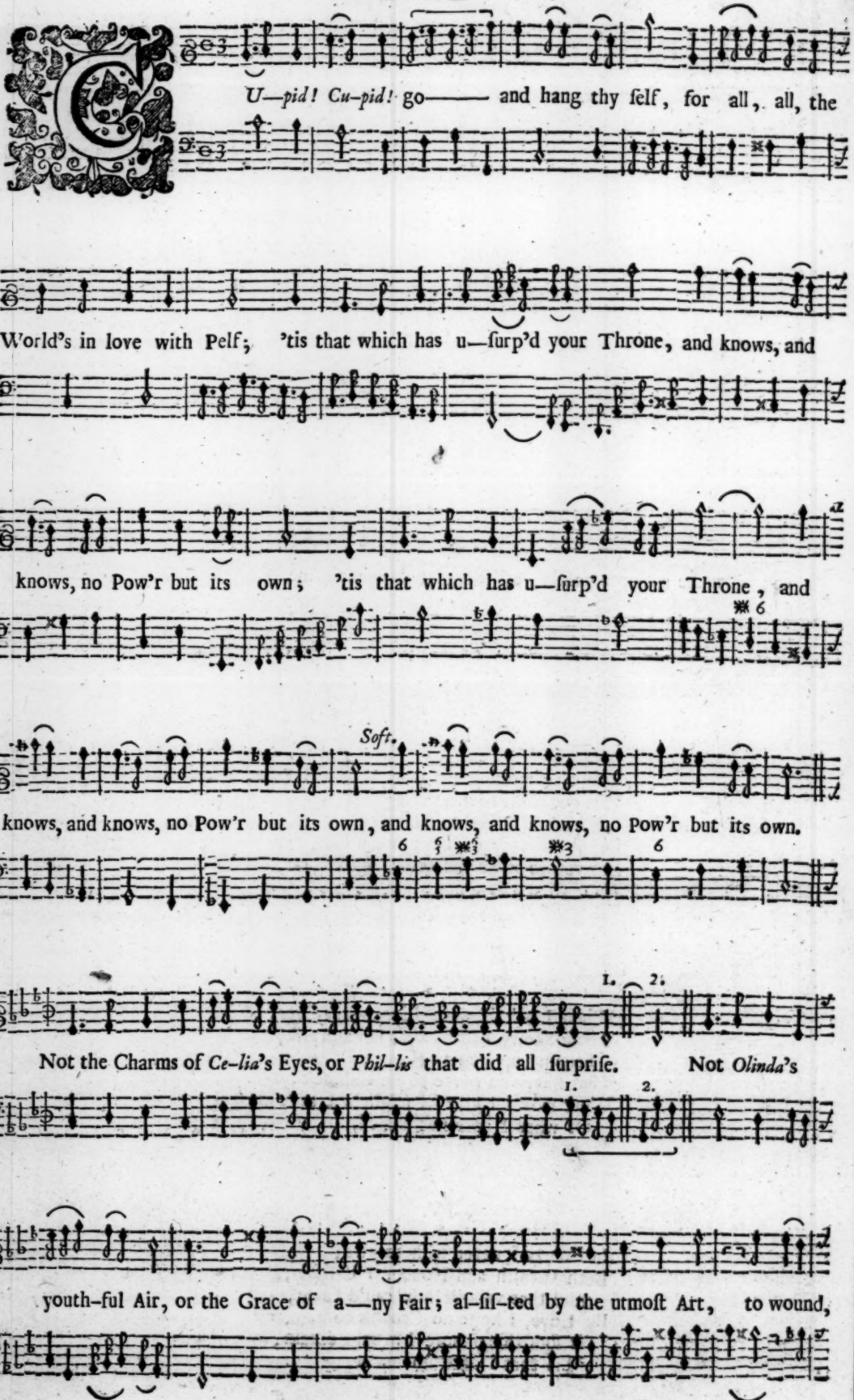
Though charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will ſuffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown muſt give,
Of what I dare not name.

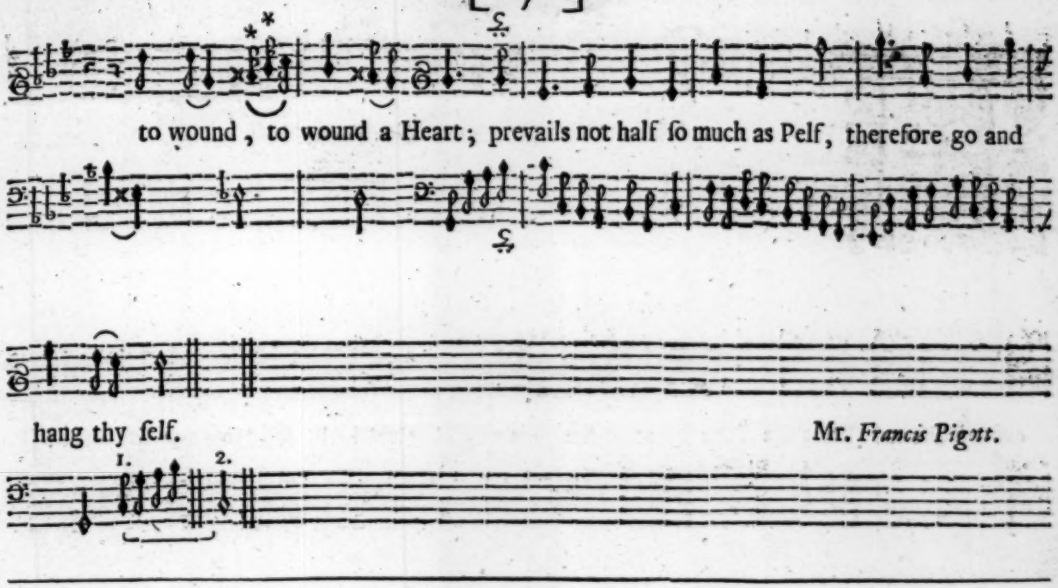
III.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Thoſe Snowy Breaſts that fall and riſe,
Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape ſo made to be embrac't,
What would I give, I might but taſte
Of what I dare not name!

IV.

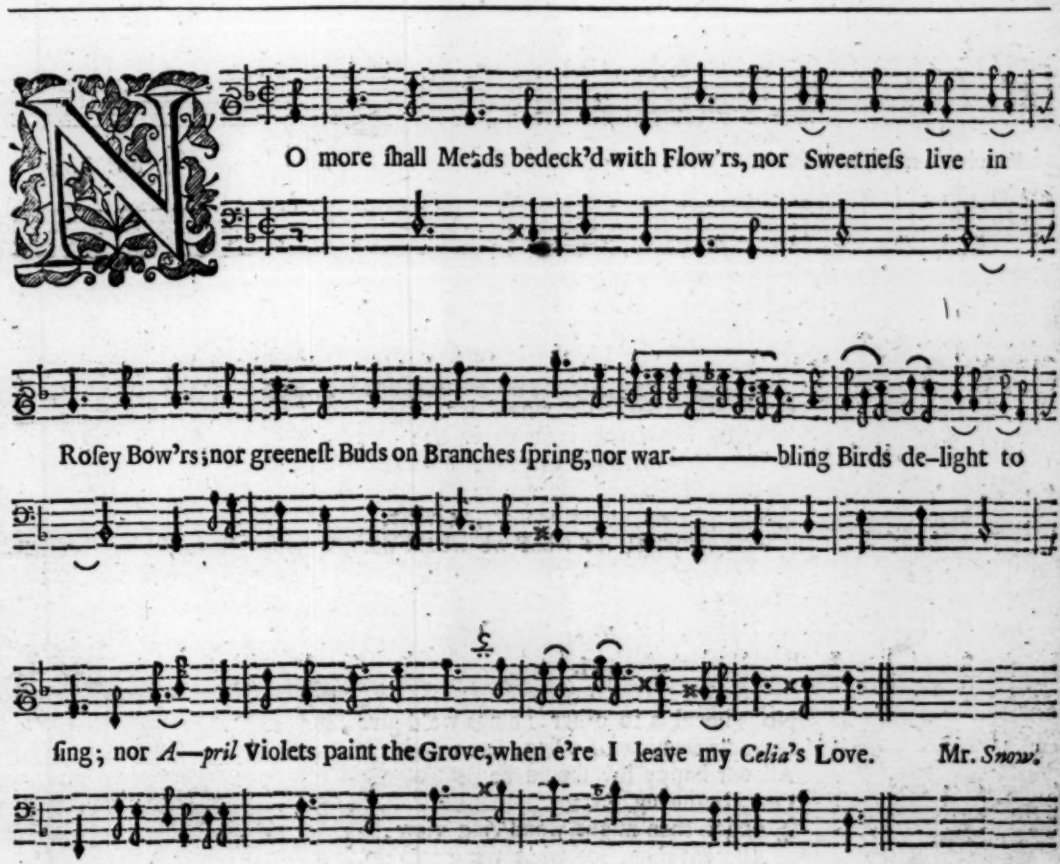
In Courts I never wiſh to riſe,
Both Wealth and Honour I deſpiſe,
And that vain Breath, call'd Fame;
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis ſomething more I would obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.


CU—pid! Cu–pid! go—— and hang thy ſelf, for all, all, the
World's in love with Pelf; 'tis that which has u—ſurp'd your Throne, and knows, and
knows, no Pow'r but its own; 'tis that which has u—ſurp'd your Throne, and
Soft.
knows, and knows, no Pow'r but its own, and knows, and knows, no Pow'r but its own.
1. 2.
Not the Charms of Ce–lia's Eyes, or Phil–lis that did all ſurpriſe. Not Olinda's
1. 2.
youth–ful Air, or the Grace of a—ny Fair; aſ–ſiſ–ted by the utmoſt Art, to wound,



to wound, to wound a Heart; prevails not half ſo much as Pelf, therefore go and hang thy ſelf.

Mr. *Francis Pigott.*



NO more ſhall Meads bedeck'd with Flow'rs, nor Sweetneſs live in Roſey Bow'rs; nor greeneſt Buds on Branches ſpring, nor war——bling Birds de-light to ſing; nor *A—pril* Violets paint the Grove, when e're I leave my *Celia*'s Love.

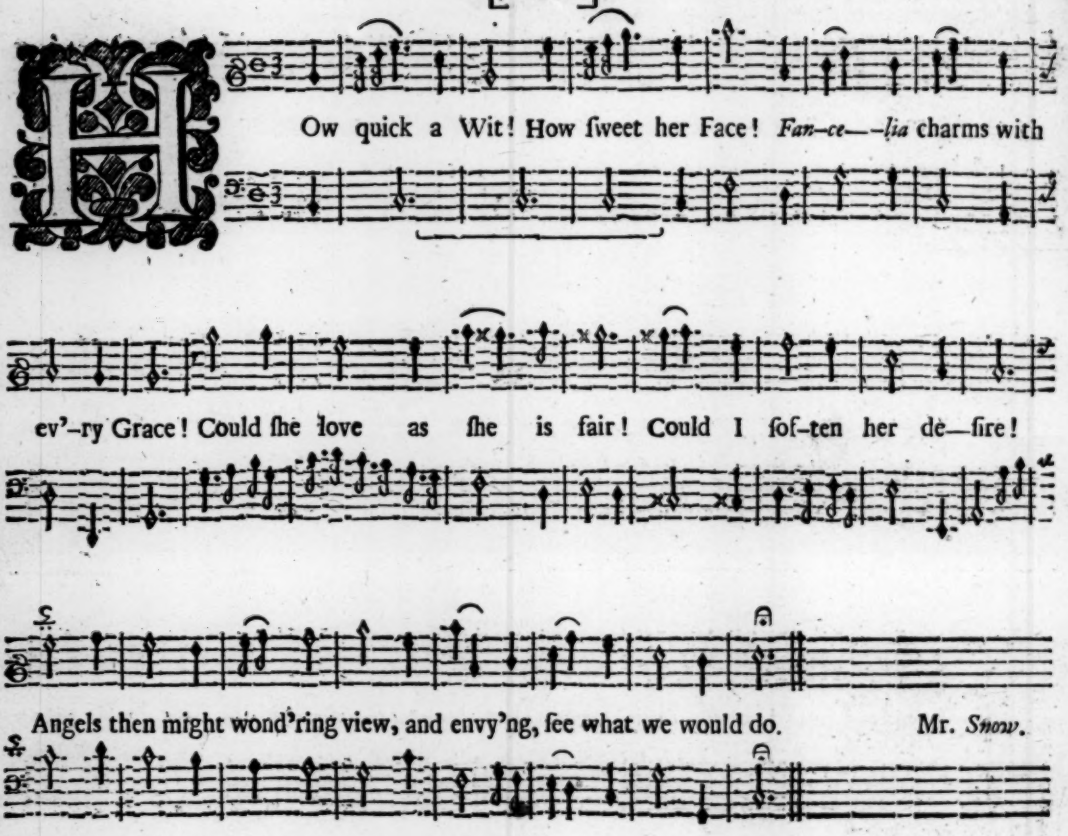
Mr. *Snow.*

II.

Fiſh ſhall in the Ocean burn,
And Fountains ſweet ſhall bitter turn;
The humble Vale no Floods ſhall know,
When Floods ſhall higheſt Hills o'reflow,
Black *Lethe* ſhall Oblivion leave,
Before my *Celia* I deceive.

III.

Love ſhall his Bow and Shafts lay by;
And *Venus* Doves want Wings to fly;
The Sun refuſe to ſhew his Light,
And Day ſhall then be turn'd to Night:
And in that Night no Star appear;
When e're I leave my *Celia* dear.

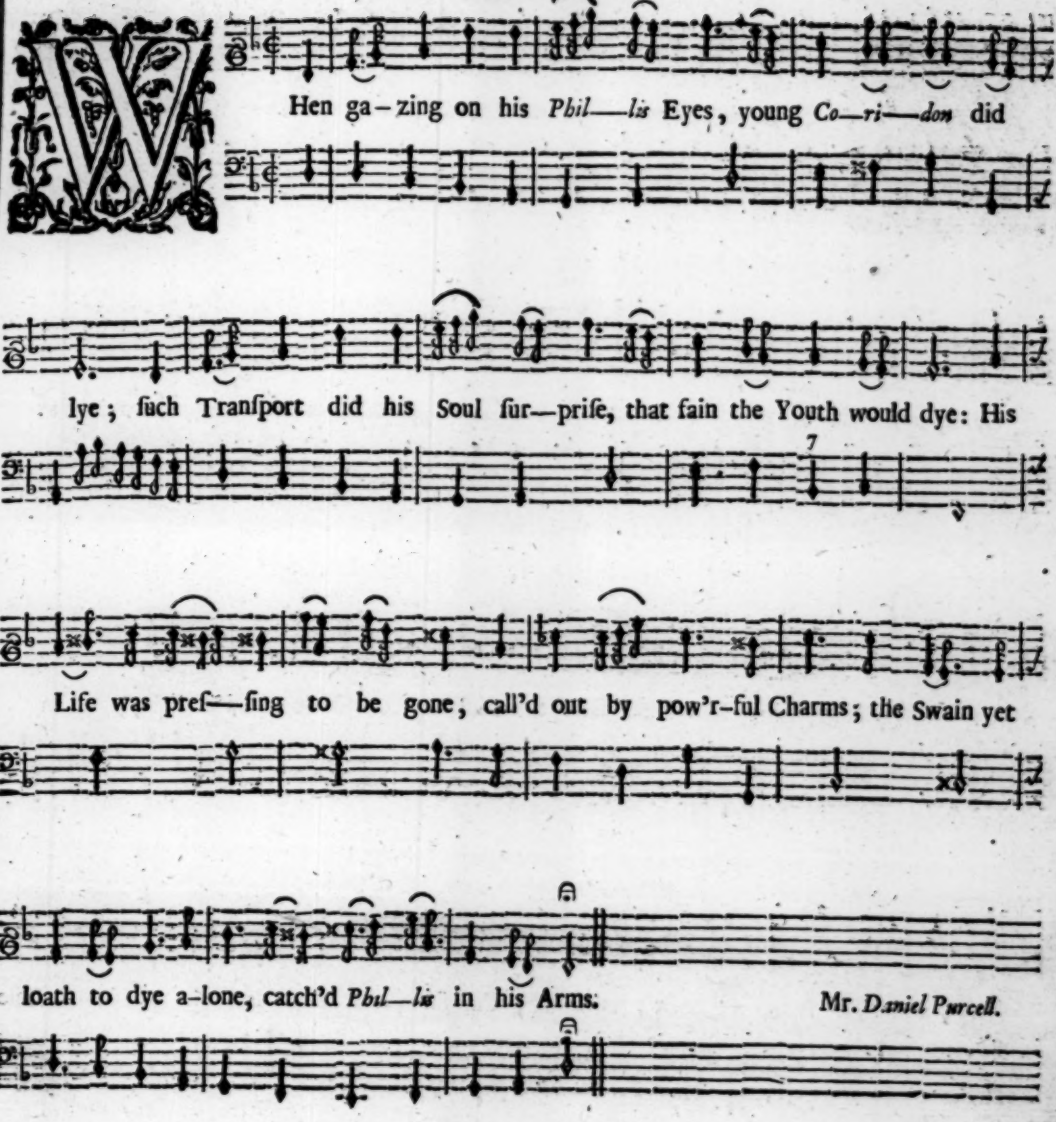



II.

On Beds of Roſes we would lye,
Soft gentle Streams meand'ring by;
*Cupid*'s Graces round us play,
Cooing, kiſſing, Time away:
Angels then might wond'ring view,
And envy'ng, ſee what we would do.

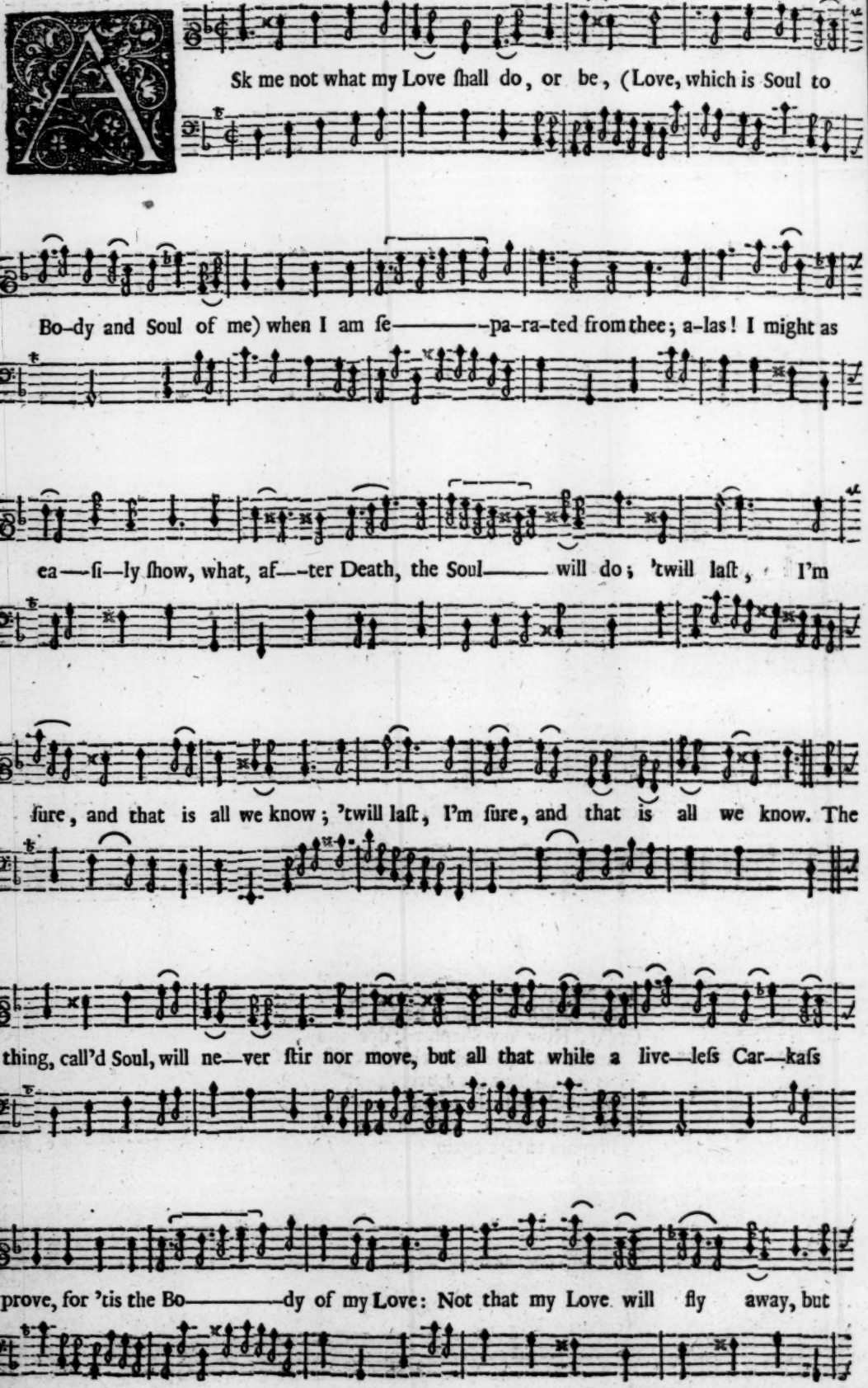
III.

No Thoughts to other Things we'd give,
But only Sighing, Loving, live;
All our happy life ſhould be
One continuing Extacy.
Angels then might wond'ring view,
And envy'ng, ſee what we would do.




II.

The Nymph that ſick and longing lay
For Death, as well as he;
Cry'd, Now, my Shepherd, dye away,
And I will dye with thee:
Thus by Conſent the Lovers dye,
But with ſo little pain,
That both receive, and inſtantly
Prepare to dye again.


Ask me not what my Love ſhall do, or be, (Love, which is Soul to
Bo-dy and Soul of me) when I am ſe----pa-ra-ted from thee; a-las! I might as
ea--ſi--ly ſhow, what, af--ter Death, the Soul---- will do; 'twill laſt, I'm
ſure, and that is all we know; 'twill laſt, I'm ſure, and that is all we know. The
thing, call'd Soul, will ne--ver ſtir nor move, but all that while a live--leſs Car--kaſs
prove, for 'tis the Bo----dy of my Love: Not that my Love will fly away, but

ſtill con—ti——nue, as —— they ſay; ſad troubled Ghoſts a—bout, a-bout, their

Graves do ſtray; ſad troubled Ghoſts a-bout, a—bout, their Graves do ſtray. Mr. *Fr. Pigott.*

---

Ow happy are they ~~are~~ *and* belov'd, ~~and~~ *who* obey the Laws of Love's ſweet, tho' ty-

ra—ni-cal Sway! They're proud of their Bondage, and ſmile on their Chains, a hap—py ſhort

Minute re—wards all their Pains. Mr. *Marſh.*

II.

How wretched we ſeem,
When the Bliſs we eſteem,
Is ſo quickly paſs'd o're with a Thought, or a Dream;
There's not ſo deſir'd, and there's nothing ſo cloys,
As the ſweeteſt of Meats, and the ſweeteſt of Joys.

*Hat you pleaſe*, you al—ways cry, *What you pleaſe* I ſtill re-ply; 'tis

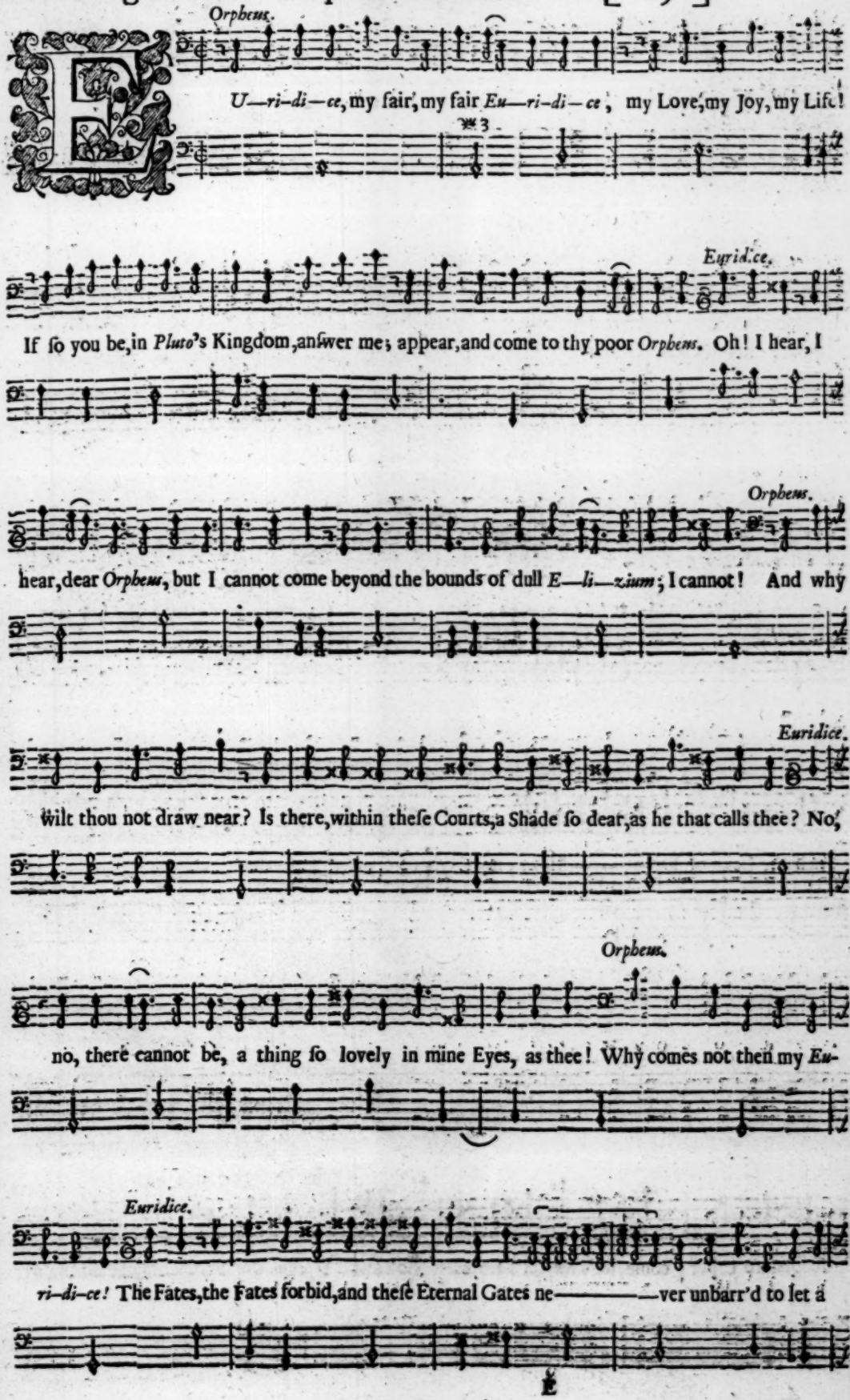
ſtrange, and ve—ry ill a—grees, you're not con—tent with *What you pleaſe!*

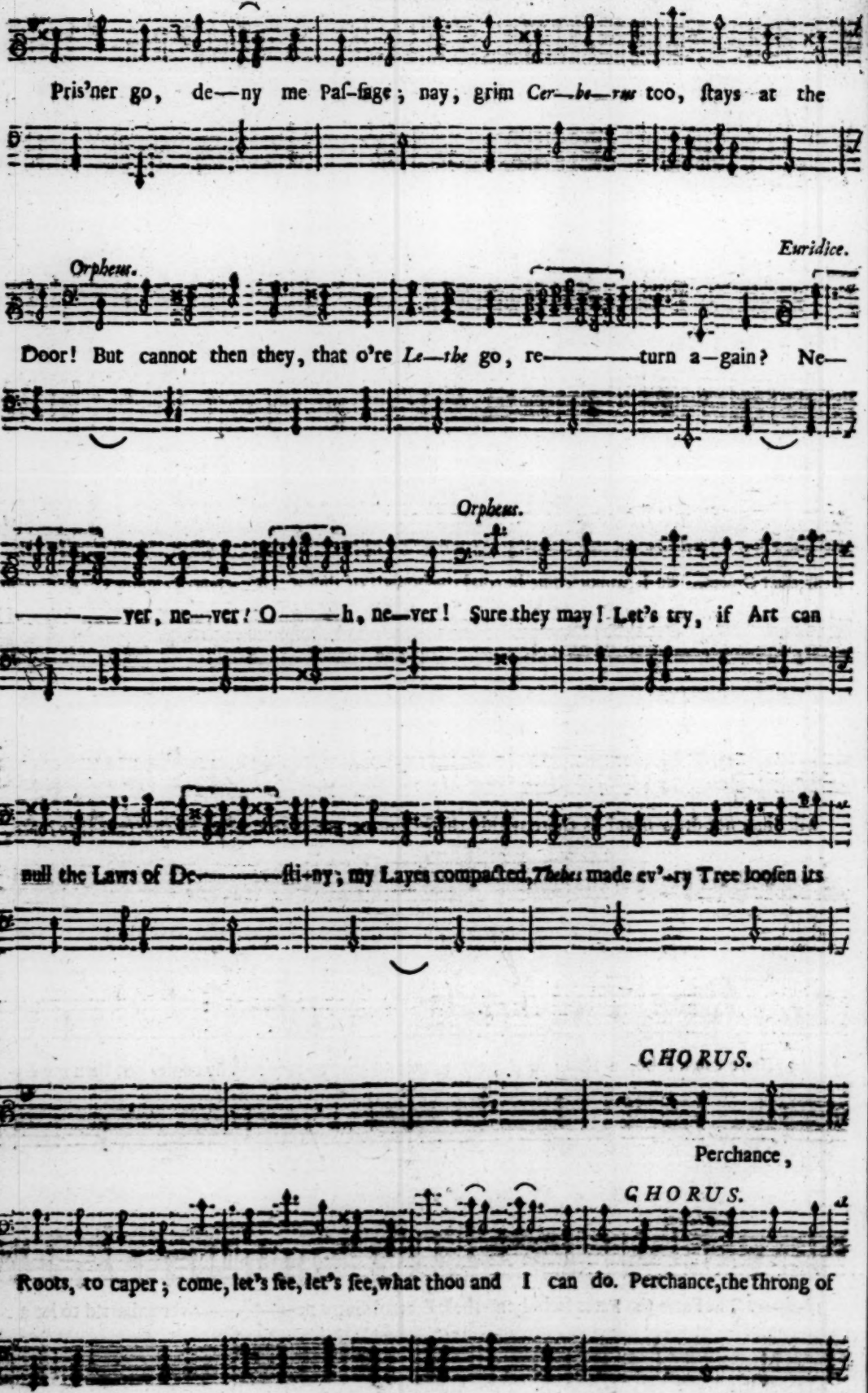
Since *What you pleaſe* will not content you, may *What you pleaſe* al—ways torment you;

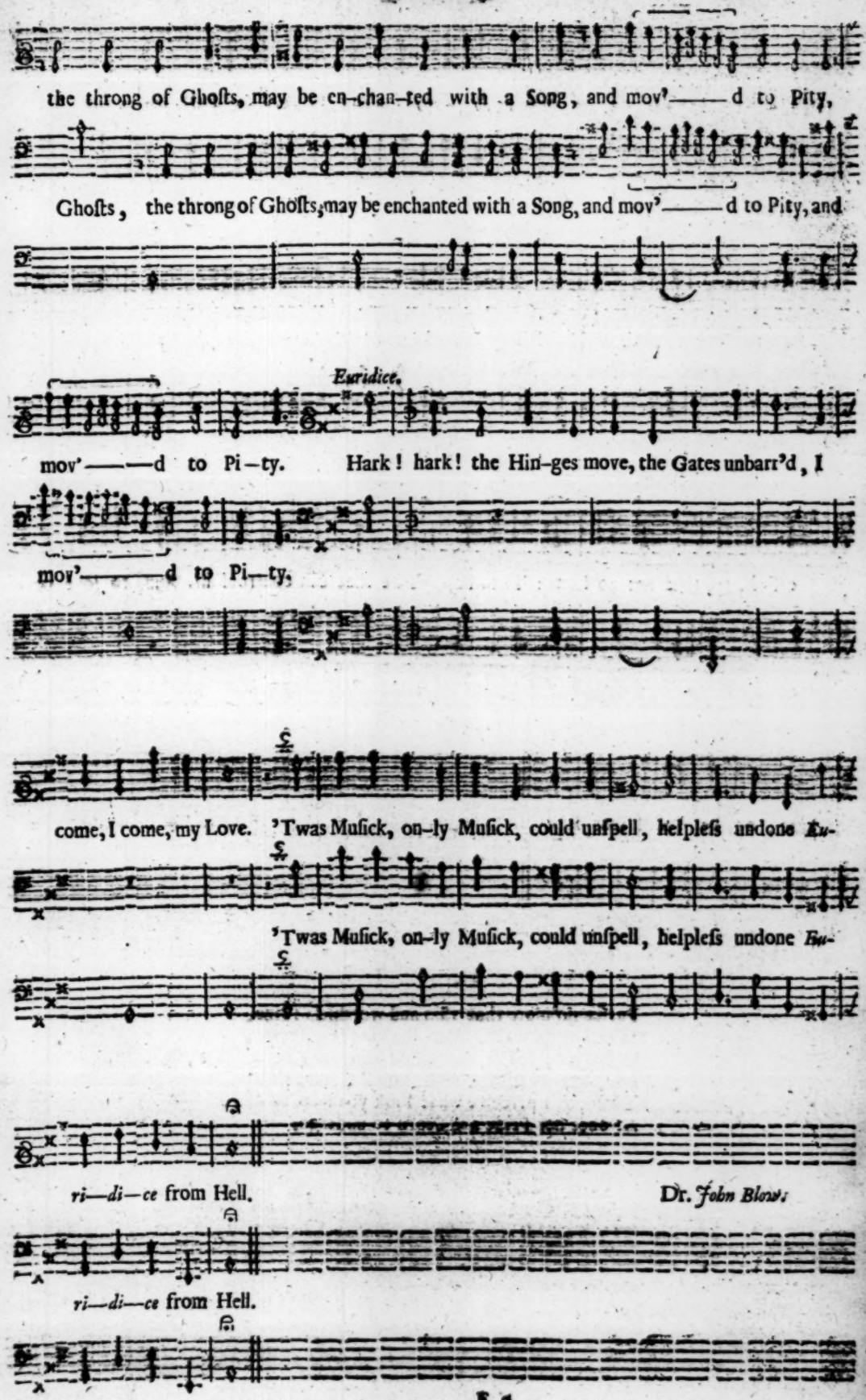
if *What you pleaſe* a Tor——ment be, be *What you pleaſe* your De—ſti—ny.

Could you think it much a—miſs, when you ask a harmleſs Kiſs; and preſs it farther

by de-grees, if you are anſwer'd, *What you pleaſe?*


Orpheus.
U—ri–di—ce, my fair, my fair Eu—ri–di—ce, my Love, my Joy, my Life!
Euridice.
If ſo you be, in Pluto's Kingdom, anſwer me; appear, and come to thy poor Orpheus. Oh! I hear, I
Orpheus.
hear, dear Orpheus, but I cannot come beyond the bounds of dull E—li—zium; I cannot! And why
Euridice.
wilt thou not draw near? Is there, within theſe Courts, a Shade ſo dear, as he that calls thee? No,
Orpheus.
no, there cannot be, a thing ſo lovely in mine Eyes, as thee! Why comes not then my Eu-
Euridice.
ri–di–ce! The Fates, the Fates forbid, and theſe Eternal Gates ne———ver unbarr'd to let a

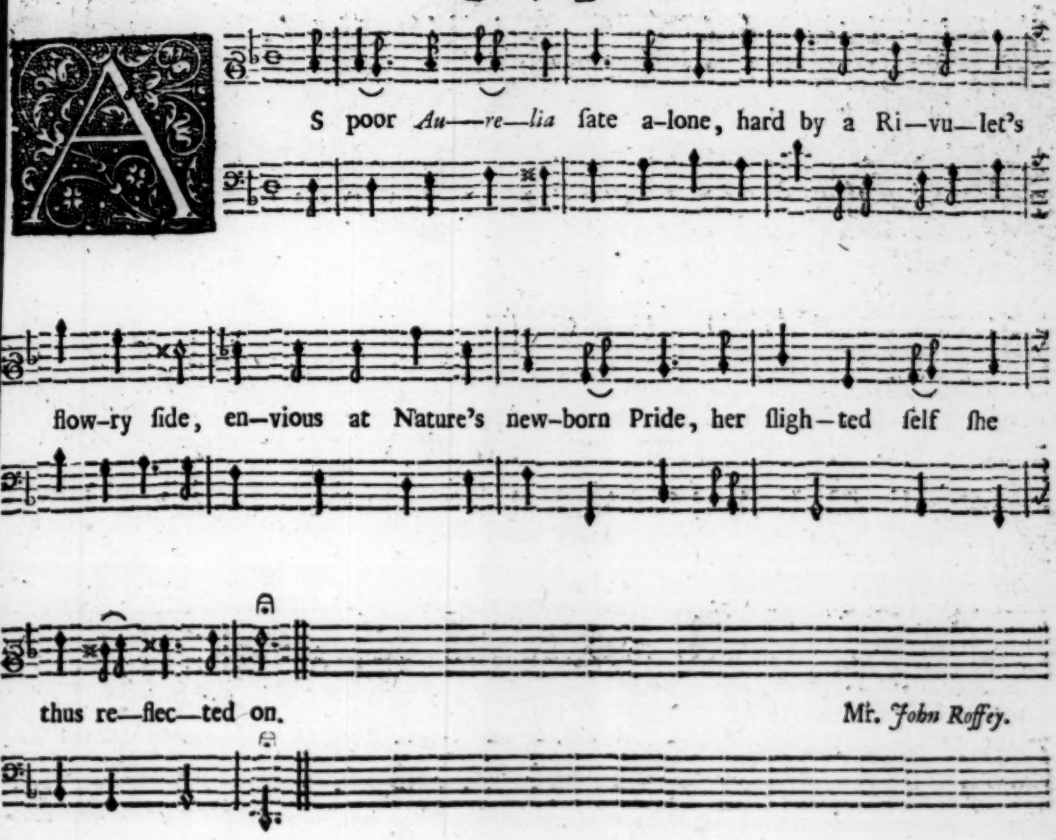

Pris'ner go, de—ny me paſ-ſage; nay, grim Cer—be—rus too, ſtays at the
Orpheus.
Euridice.
Door! But cannot then they, that o're Le—the go, re————turn a—gain? Ne—
Orpheus.
————ver, ne—ver! O————h, ne—ver! Sure they may! Let's try, if Art can
null the Laws of De————ſti-ny; my Layes compacted, Thebes made ev'-ry Tree looſen its
CHORUS.
Perchance,
CHORUS.
Roots, to caper; come, let's ſee, let's ſee, what thou and I can do. Perchance, the throng of


the throng of Ghoſts, may be en-chan-ted with a Song, and mov'——d to Pity,
Ghoſts, the throng of Ghoſts, may be enchanted with a Song, and mov'——d to Pity, and
Euridice.
mov'——d to Pi-ty. Hark! hark! the Hin-ges move, the Gates unbarr'd, I
mov'——d to Pi-ty.
come, I come, my Love. 'Twas Muſick, on-ly Muſick, could unſpell, helpleſs undone Eu-
'Twas Muſick, on-ly Muſick, could unſpell, helpleſs undone Eu-
ri-di-ce from Hell.
Dr. John Blow.
ri-di-ce from Hell.

N-hap-py *Thirſis!* there to love thy Fate, where thou art ſure to find returns of Hate! Thy *Laura* hears not, tho' Love plead thy Cauſe, Love, like ne-ceſ-ſi—ty, that has no Laws: Then happy's he that can controul his Will, to love or hate, or be indiff'rent ſtill.

II.

Purſue no more that vain and worthleſs Prize;
Which flatters thee, that ſhe may Tyrannize;
When once you're vanquiſh'd, ſhe your Life will ſave;
And, like an Infidel, make you her Slave:
Then you'l perceive what Task you have to do;
At once her Pride and Scorn to undergo.

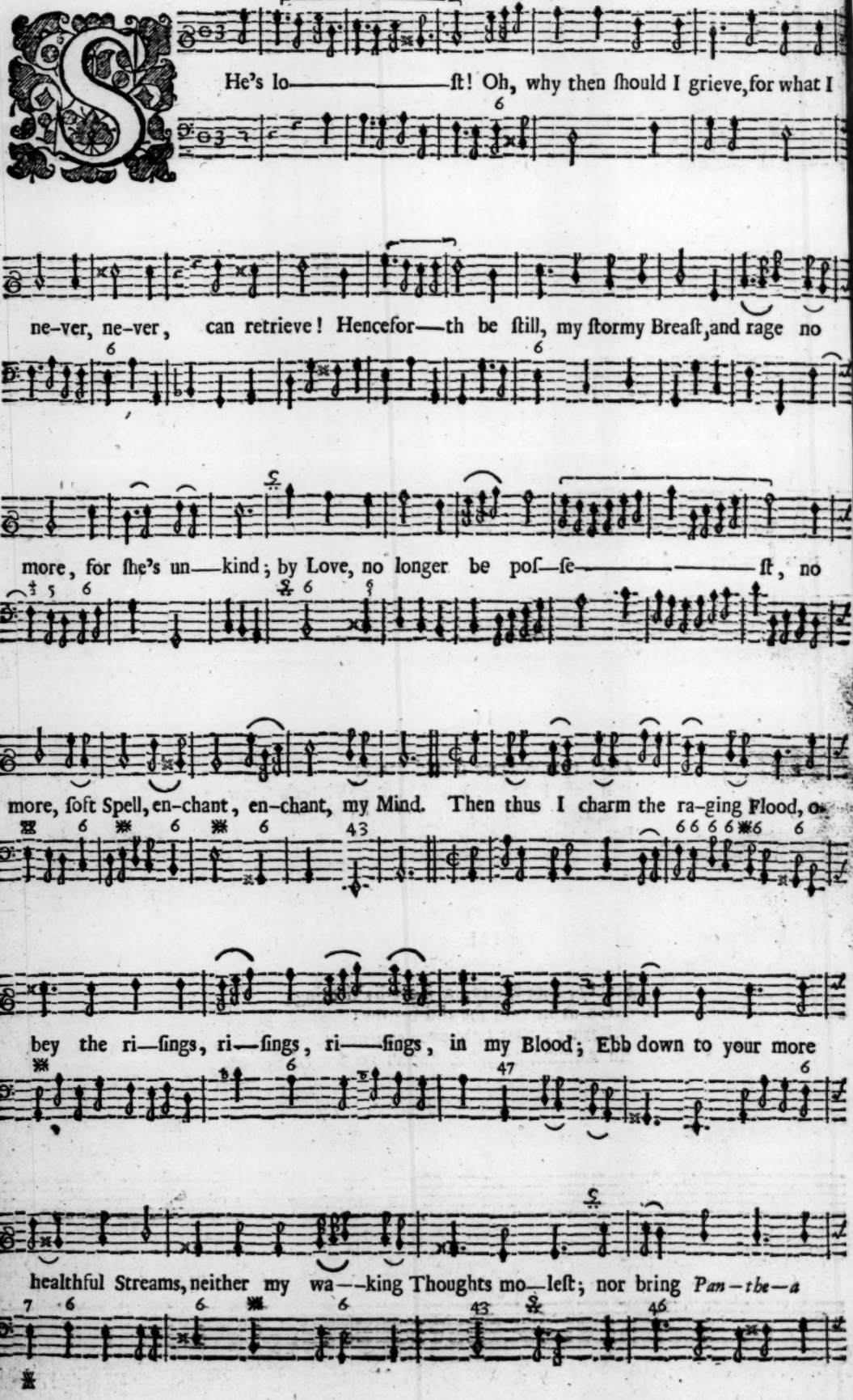


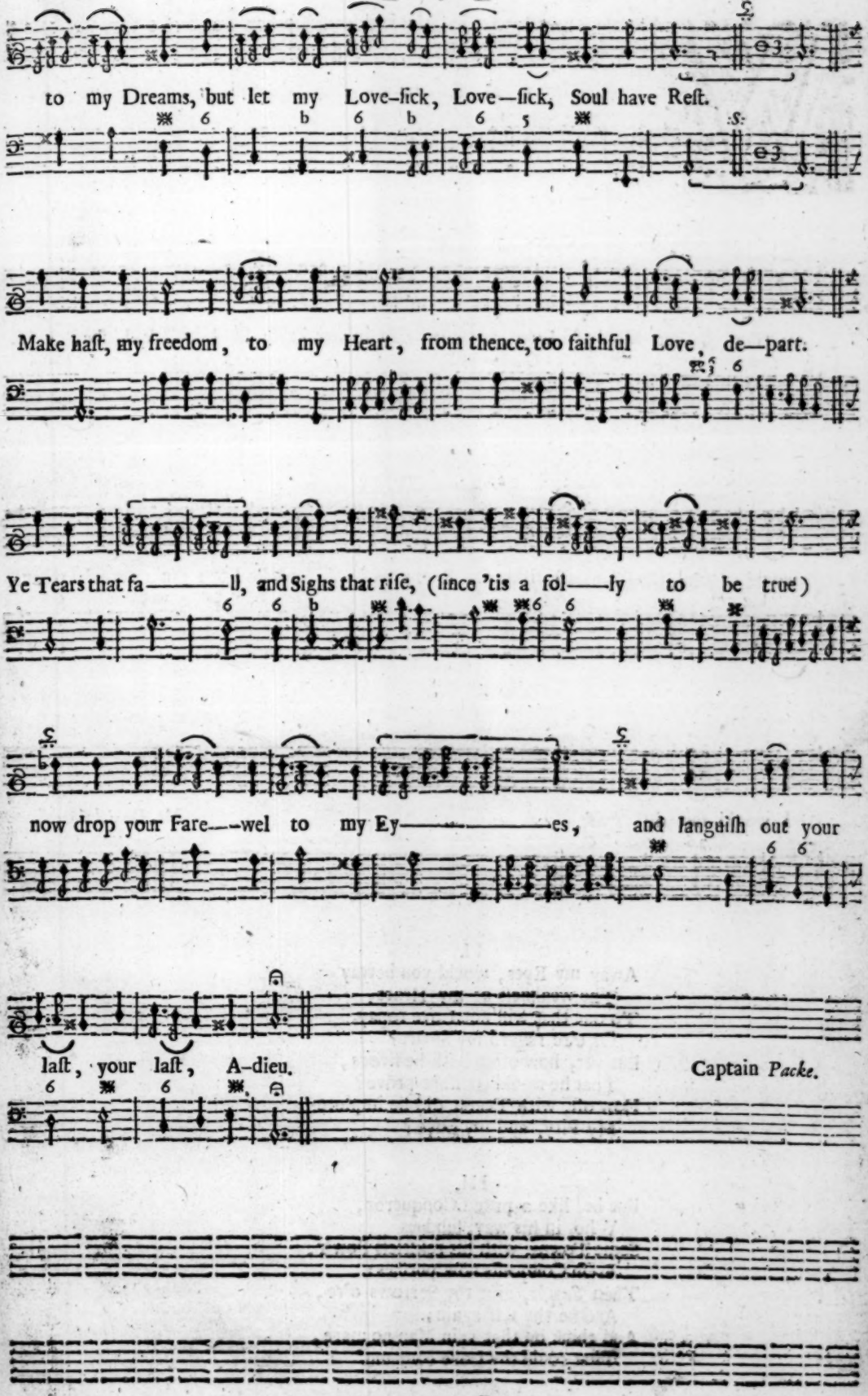

II.

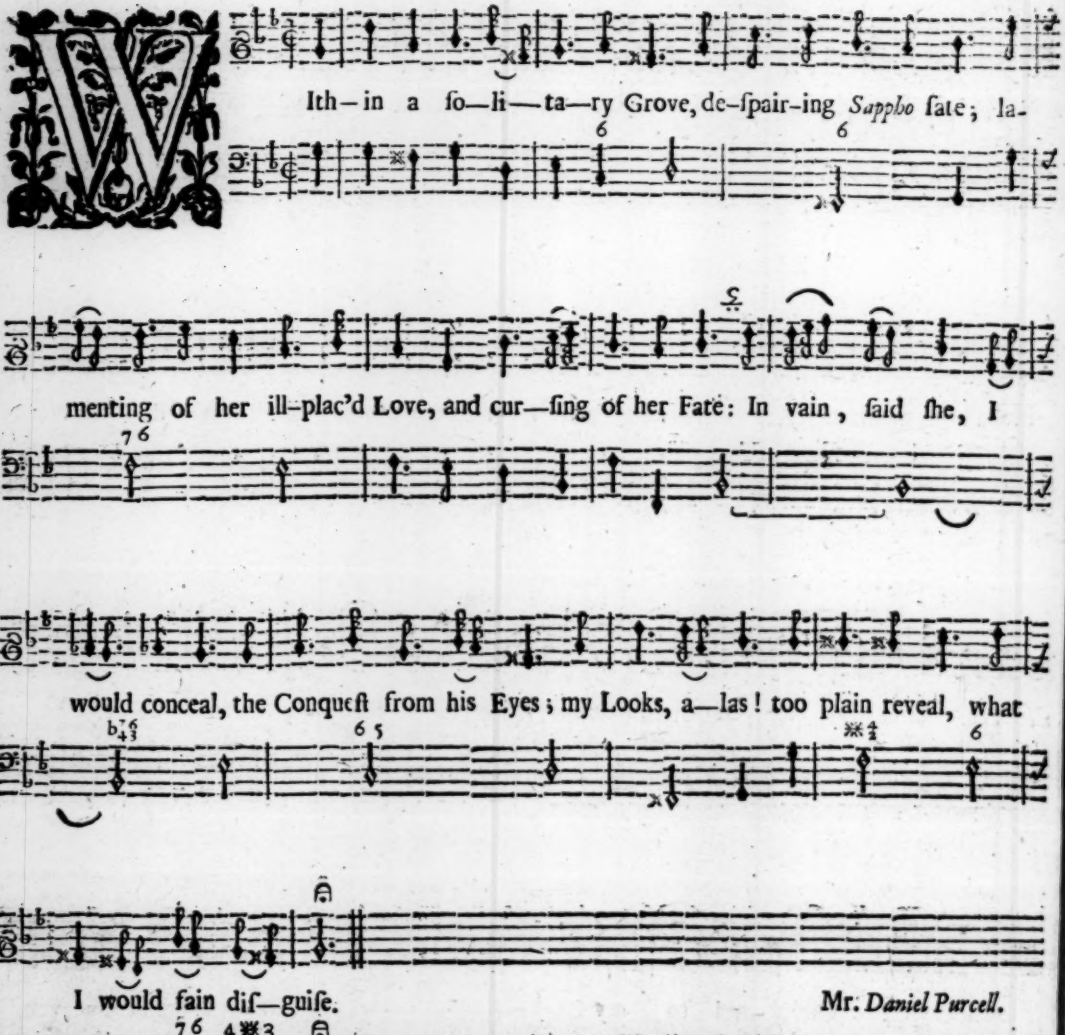
Alas! that Nature ſhould revive
Thoſe Flow'rs, which, after Winter's Snow,
Spring freſh again, and brighter ſhew,
But for our fairer Sex ſo ill contrive.

III.

Beauty, like theirs, a ſhort-liv'd thing,
On us in vain ſhe did beſtow;
Beauty, that only once can grow,
An Autumn has, but knows no ſecond Spring.


He's lo——————ſt! Oh, why then ſhould I grieve, for what I
ne-ver, ne-ver, can retrieve! Hencefor—th be ſtill, my ſtormy Breaſt, and rage no
more, for ſhe's un—kind; by Love, no longer be poſ—ſe——————ſt, no
more, ſoft Spell, en-chant, en-chant, my Mind. Then thus I charm the ra-ging Flood, o-
bey the ri—ſings, ri—ſings, ri——ſings, in my Blood; Ebb down to your more
healthful Streams, neither my wa——king Thoughts mo—leſt; nor bring *Pan—the—a*


to my Dreams, but let my Love-ſick, Love—ſick, Soul have Reſt.
Make haſt, my freedom, to my Heart, from thence, too faithful Love, de—part.
Ye Tears that fa——ll, and Sighs that riſe, (ſince 'tis a fol——ly to be true)
now drop your Fare——wel to my Ey——es, and languiſh out your
laſt, your laſt, A-dieu.
Captain *Packe.*

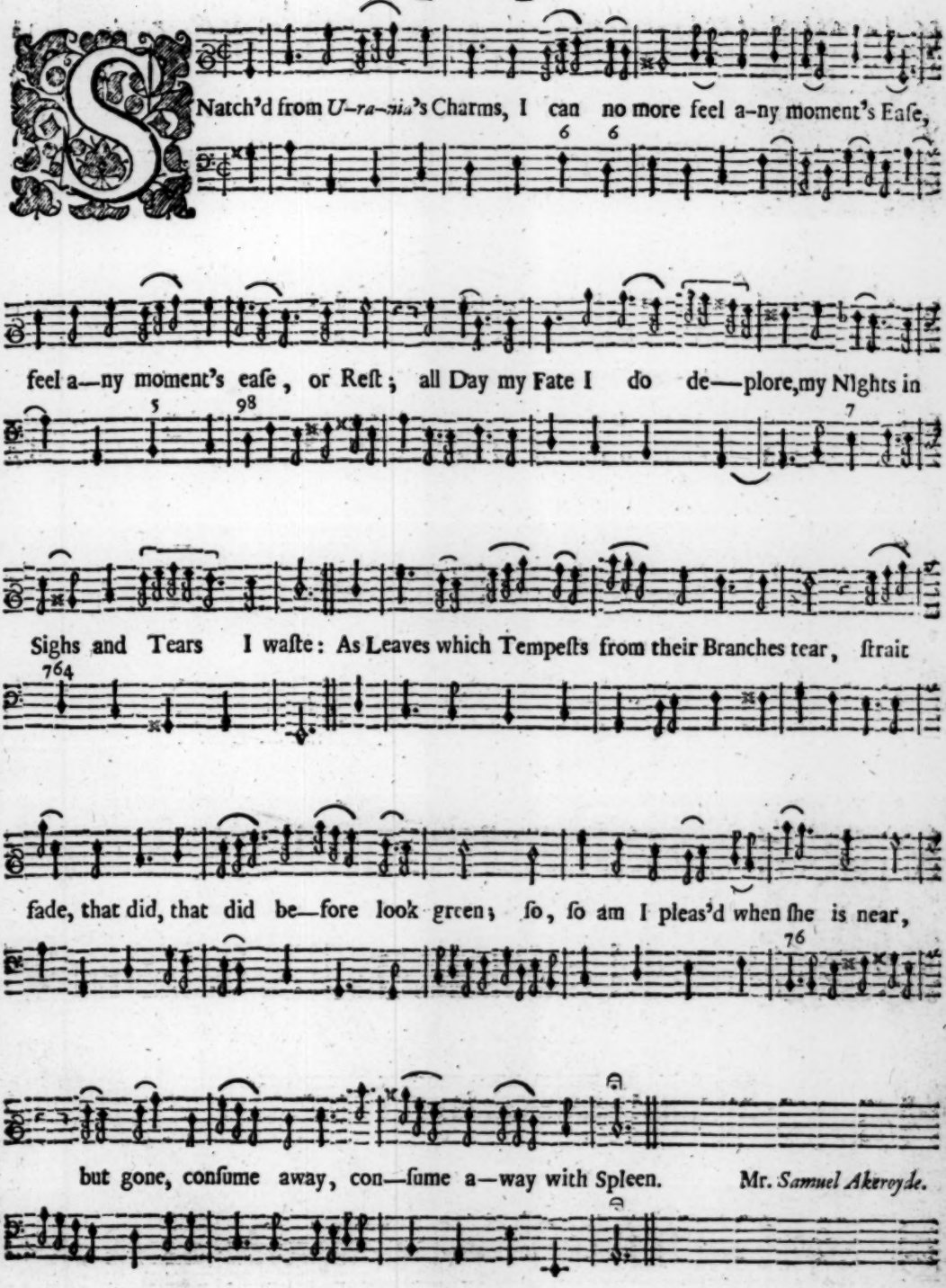



II.

Away my Eyes, would you betray
The weakneſs of my Heart,
To one that will not Love repay,
Or e're regard my Smart?
But yet, how often hath he ſwore,
That he would conſtant prove?
How oft, with Tears, did he implore
My Pity, and my Love?

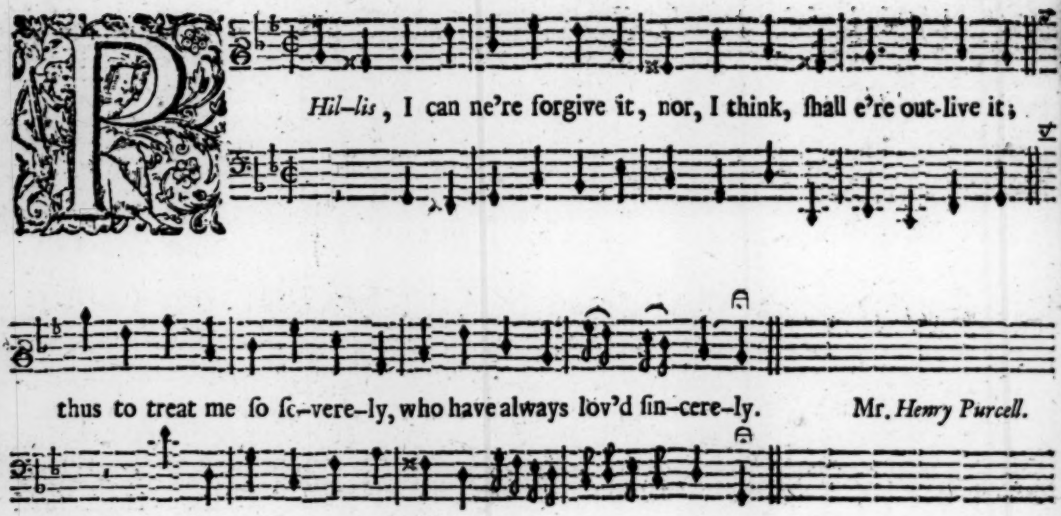
III.

But he, like a proud Conqueror,
Who, in his way, ſubdues
Some Towns, with his reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Freſh Conqueſts now purſues:
Then *Sappho*, give thy Sorrows o're,
And be thy ſelf again;
And think on that vain Man no more,
That could thy Love contemn.




II.

Haſte, *Phœbus*! then, make ſhort the tedious Days,
That are to lengthen out my Woe;
My Love requires more glorious Rayes,
For to a brighter Sun I go:
Warm'd with her welcom Beams, like melting Snow,
Frozen Deſpair will waſte away;
And then Hope's fading Flow'r will blow,
Which elſe muſt wither quite away.

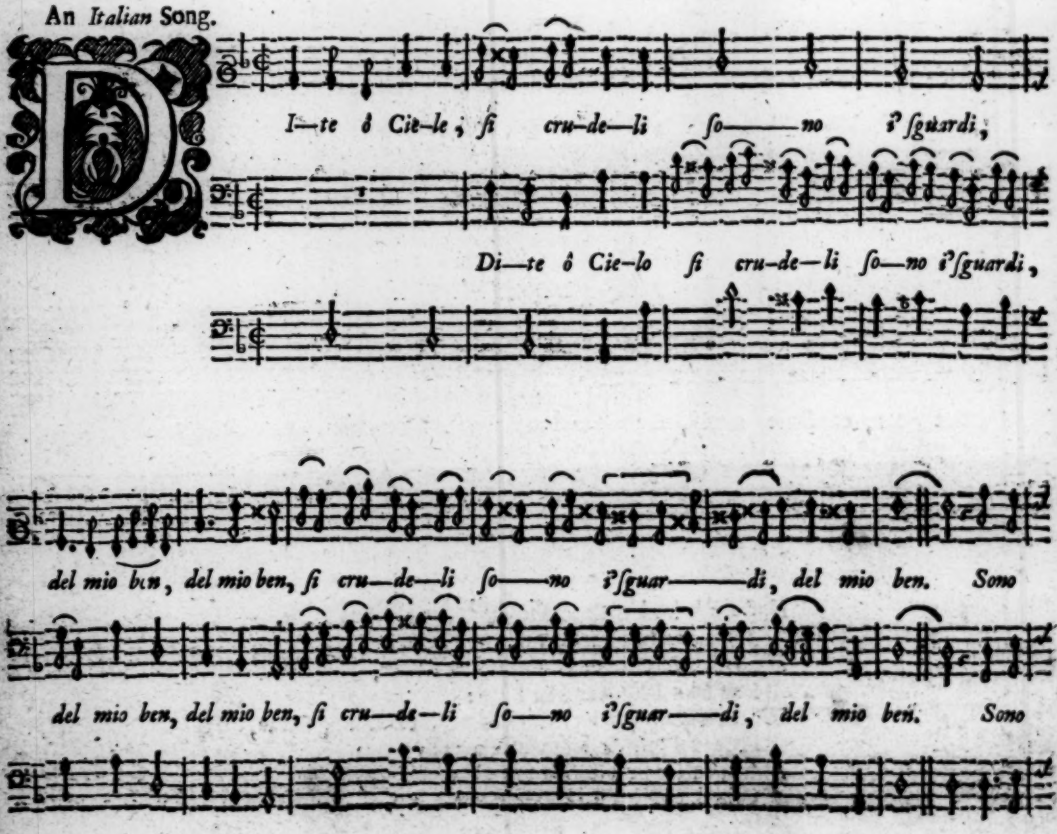


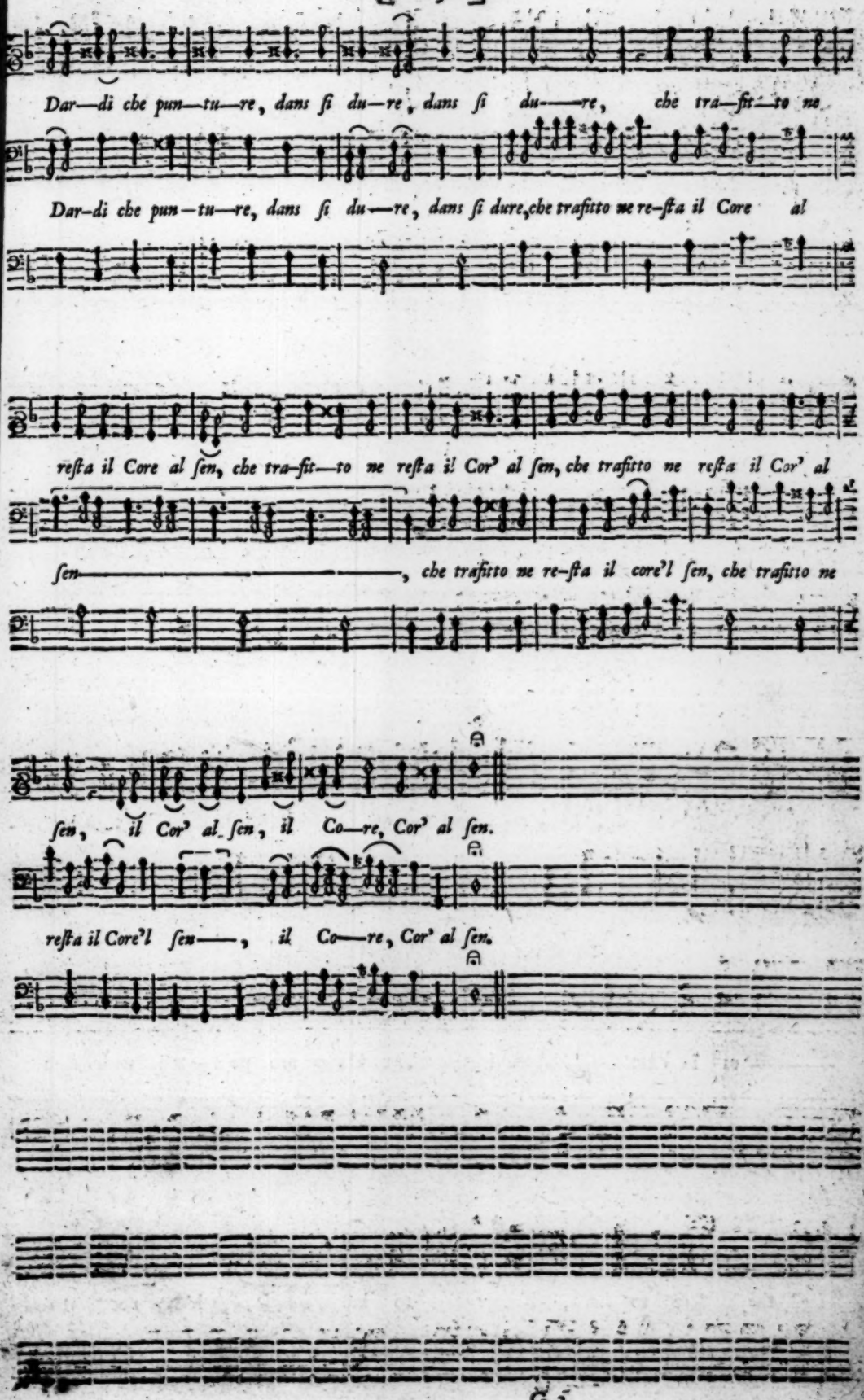

II.

*Damon*, you ſo fondly cheriſh;
Whilſt poor I, alas! may periſh;
I that love, which he did never,
Me you ſlight, and him you favour.

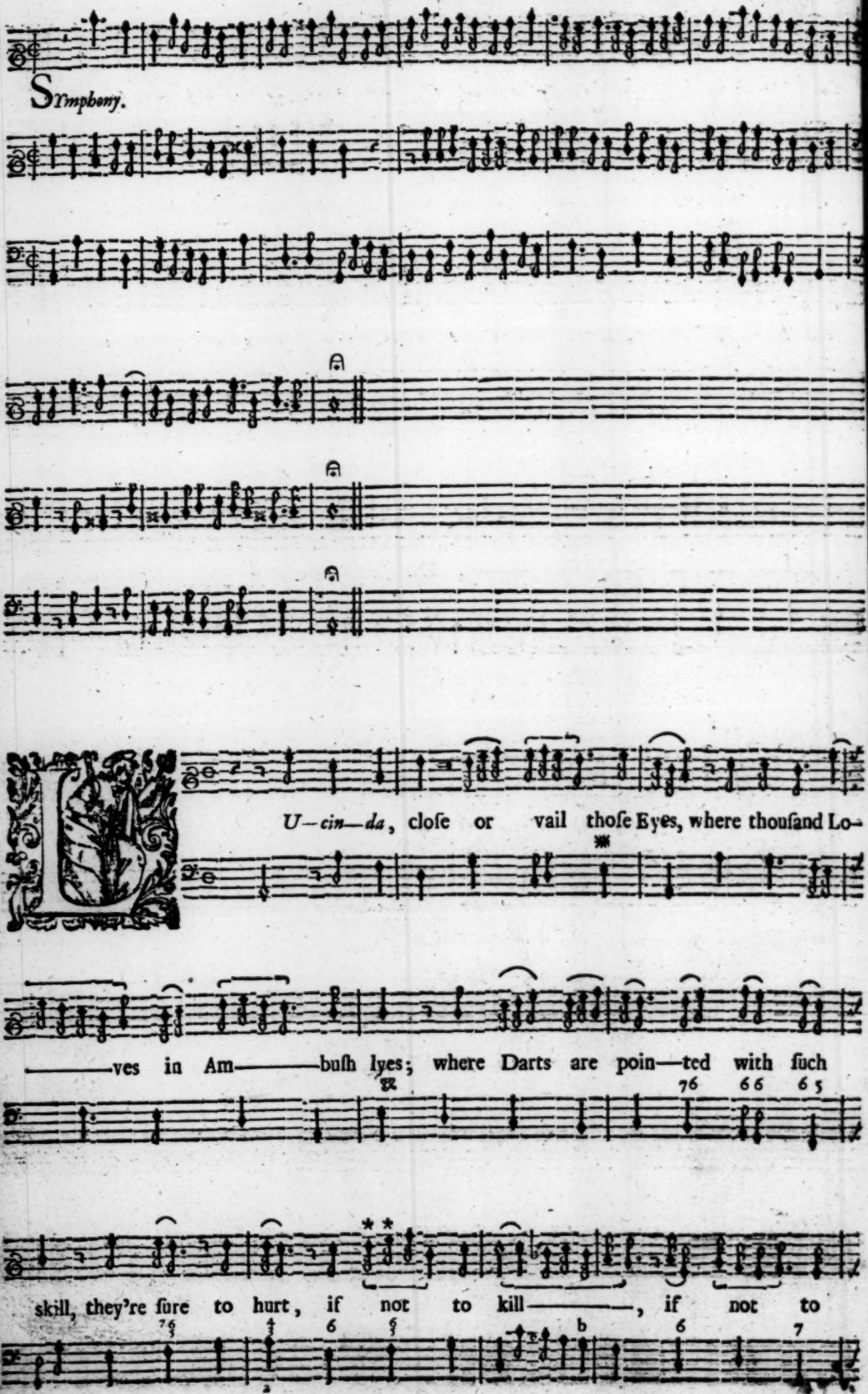
---

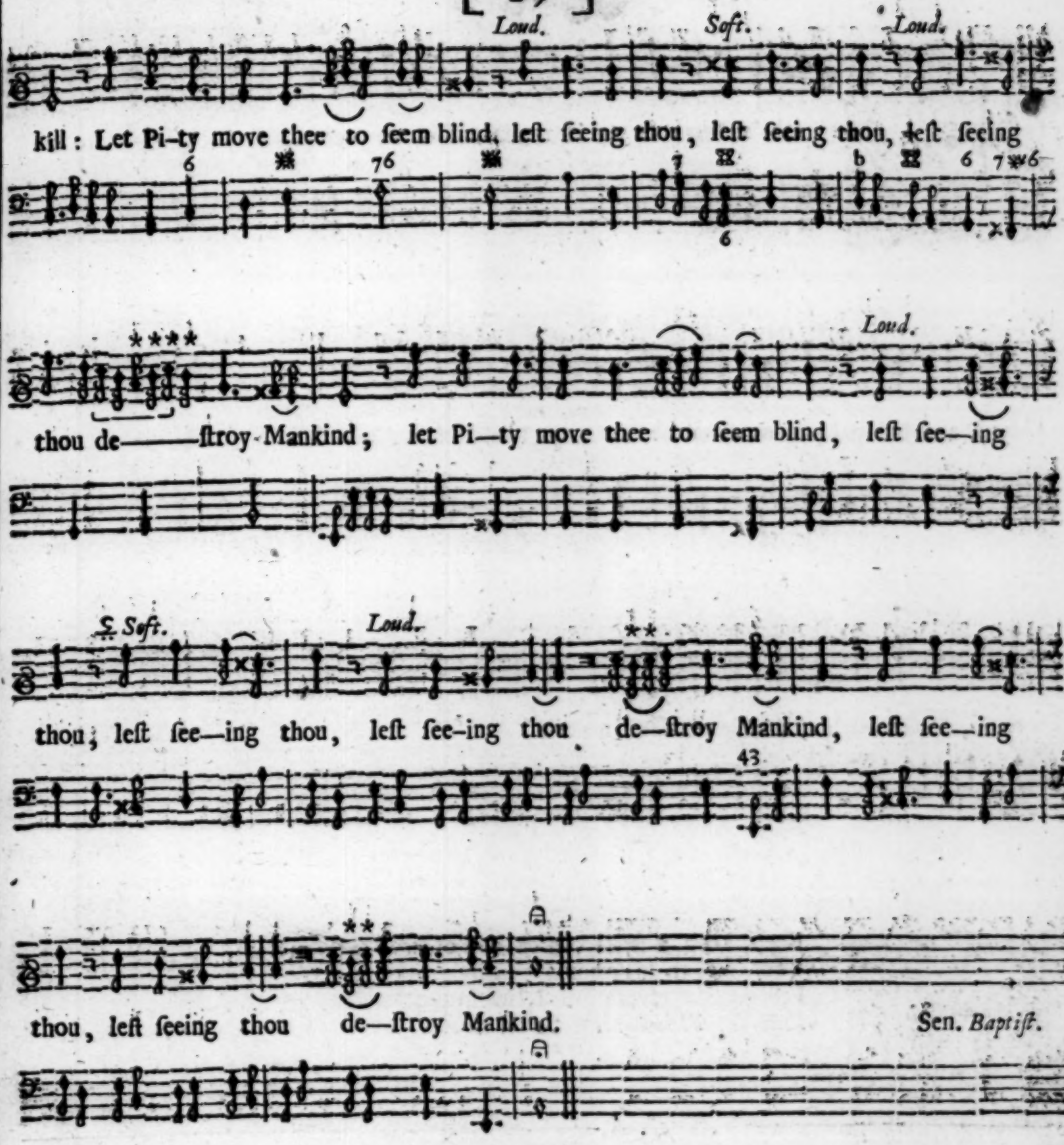
An *Italian* Song.




Dar—di che pun—tu—re, dans ſi du—re, dans ſi du——re, che tra—fit—to ne
Dar-di che pun—tu—re, dans ſi du—re, dans ſi dure, che trafitto ne re-ſta il Core al
reſta il Core al ſen, che tra-fit—to ne reſta il Cor' al ſen, che trafitto ne reſta il Cor' al
ſen———, che trafitto ne re-ſta il core'l ſen, che trafitto ne
ſen, il Cor' al ſen, il Co—re, Cor' al ſen.
reſta il Core'l ſen——, il Co—re, Cor' al ſen.

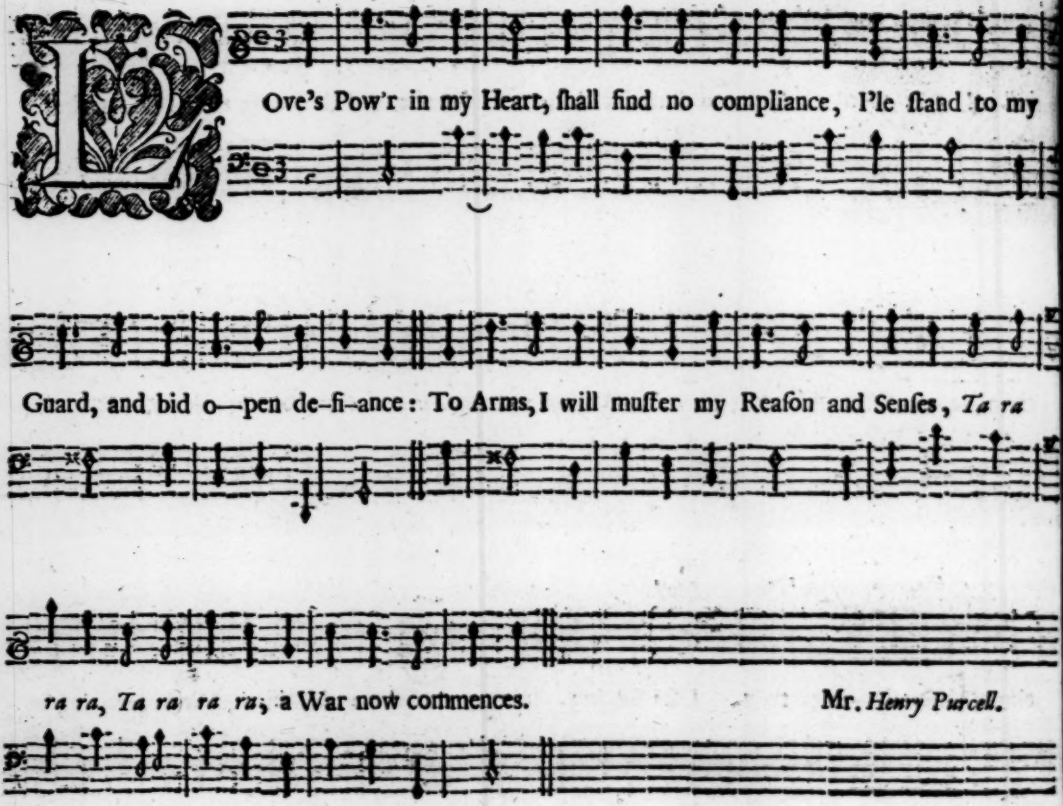
Symphony.


U—cin—da, close or vail those Eyes, where thousand Lo-
——ves in Am———bush lyes; where Darts are poin—ted with such
skill, they're sure to hurt, if not to kill———, if not to




II.

*Lucinda*, hide that ſwelling Breaſt,
The Phœnix elſe will change her Neſt;
Yet do not, for when ſhe expires,
Her Heat may light in the ſoft Fires
Of Love and Pity; ſo that I,
By this one way, may thee enjoy.

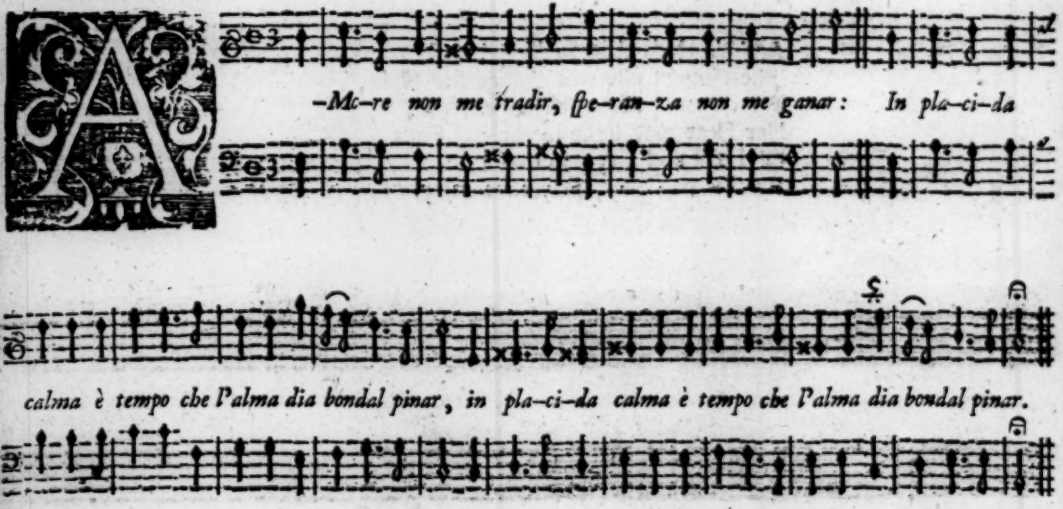



II.

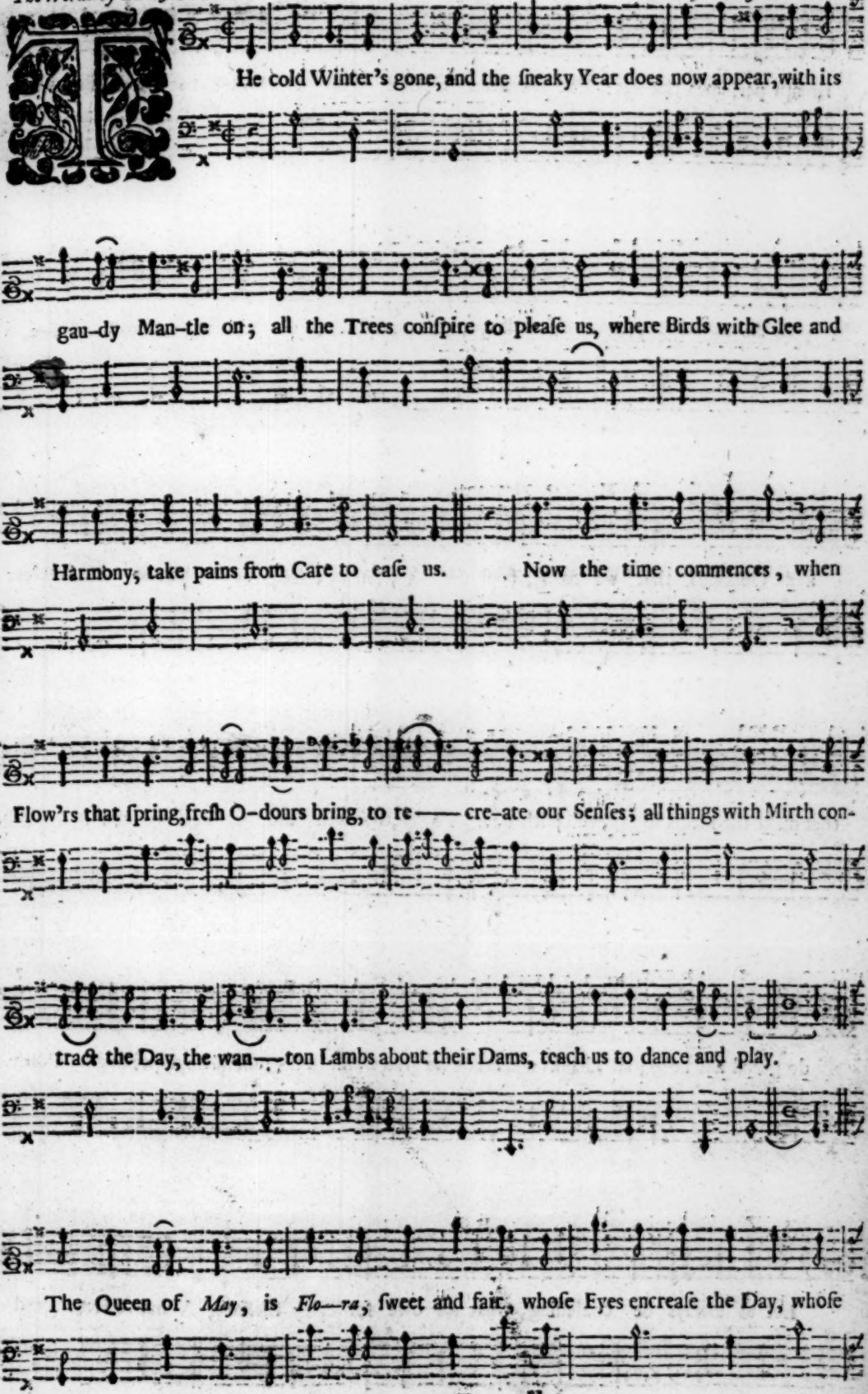
Keep, keep, a ſtrict Watch, and obſerve ev'ry motion,
Your Care to his cunning exactly proportion;
Fall on, he gives ground, let him never recover,
*Victoria! Victoria!* the Battel is over.

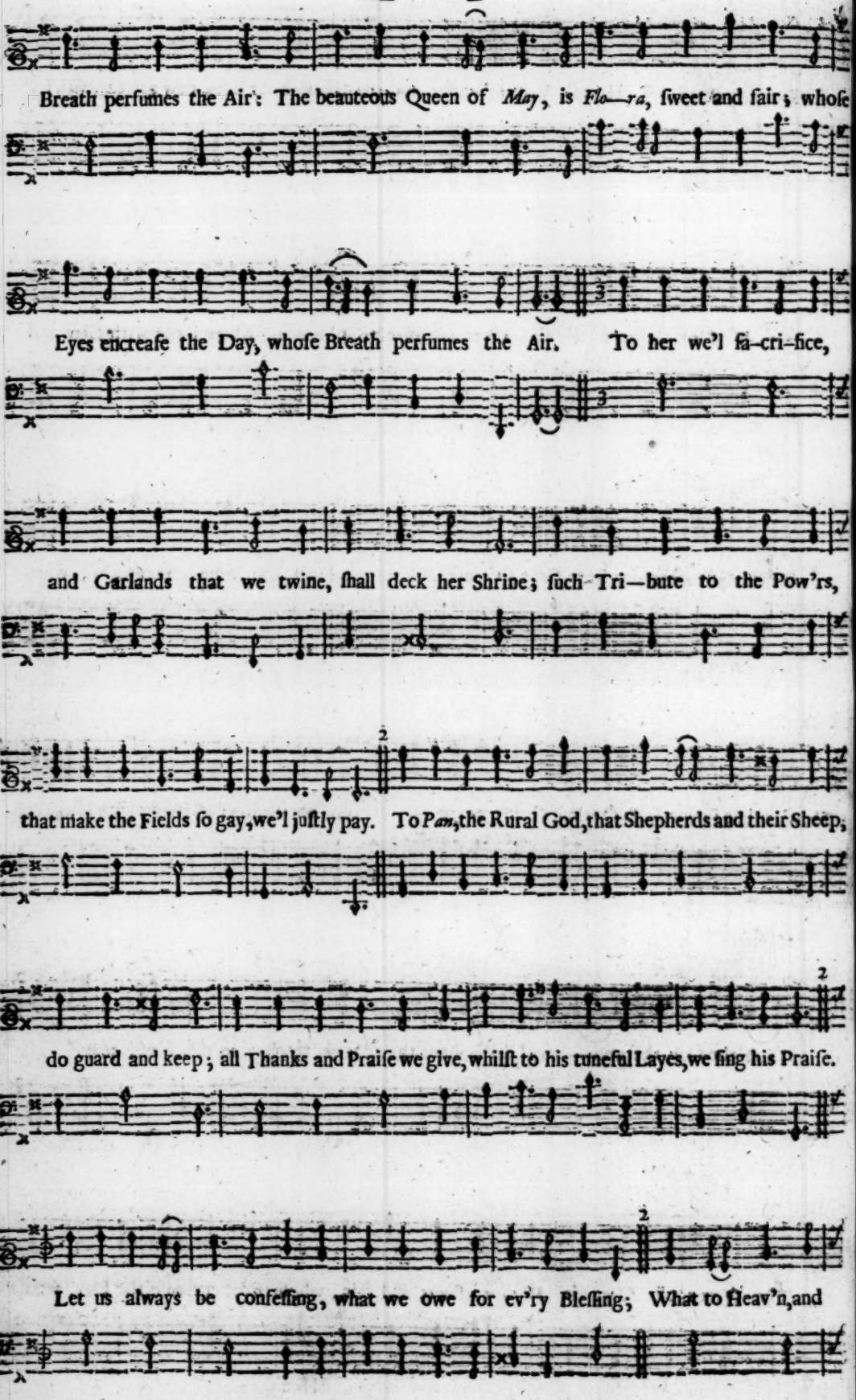
---

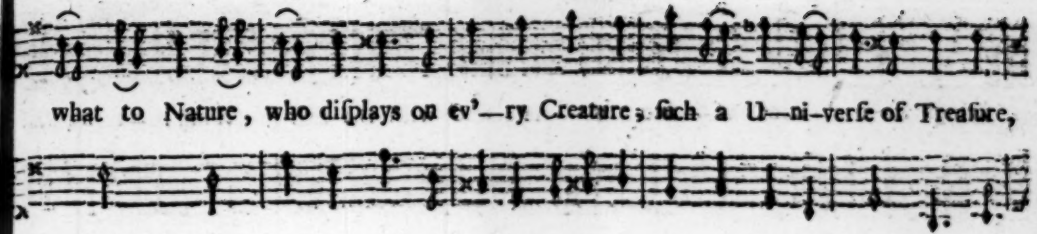
An *Italian* Song.

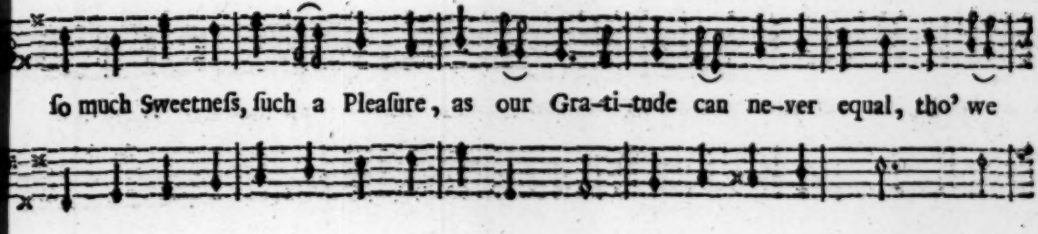


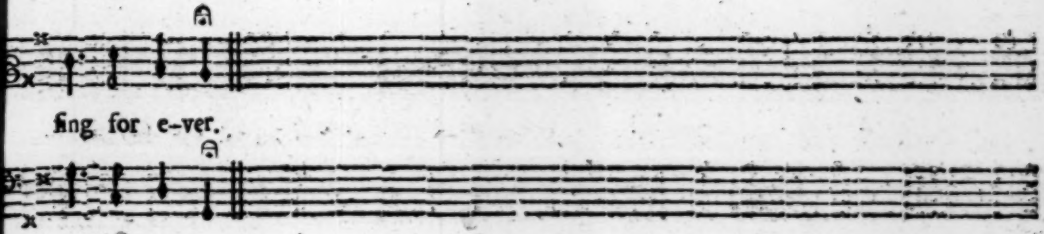
*The Words by Mr.* Jo. Cruther. *Set by Mr.* James Hart.



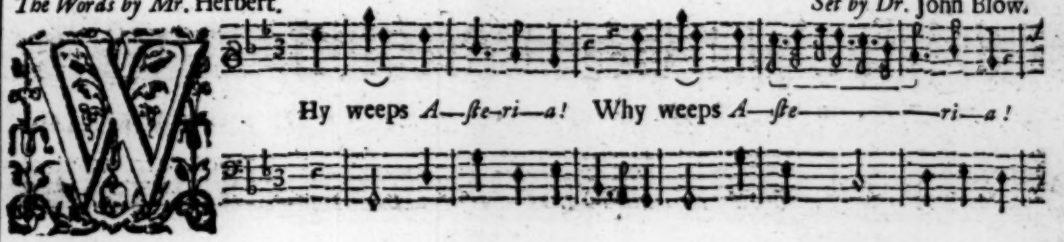

Breath perfumes the Air: The beauteous Queen of *May*, is *Flo—ra*, ſweet and fair; whoſe
Eyes encreaſe the Day, whoſe Breath perfumes the Air. To her we'l ſa-cri-fice,
and Garlands that we twine, ſhall deck her Shrine; ſuch Tri—bute to the Pow'rs,
that make the Fields ſo gay, we'l juſtly pay. To *Pan*, the Rural God, that Shepherds and their Sheep,
do guard and keep; all Thanks and Praiſe we give, whilſt to his tuneful Layes, we ſing his Praiſe.
Let us always be confeſſing, what we owe for ev'ry Bleſſing; What to Heav'n, and

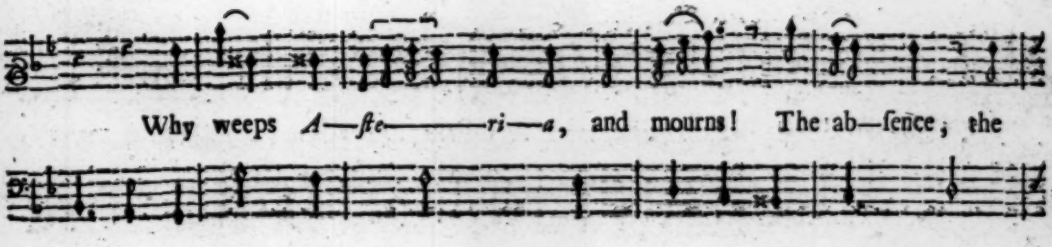


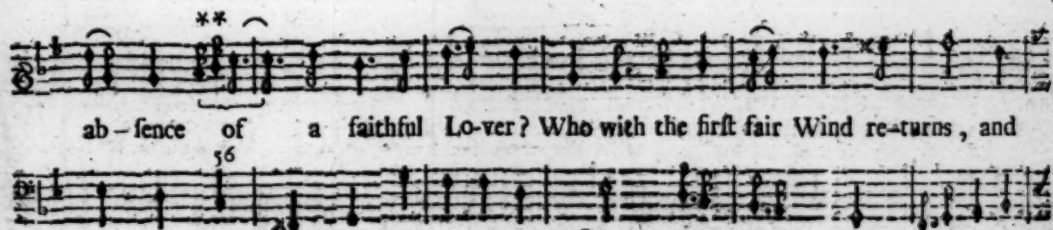



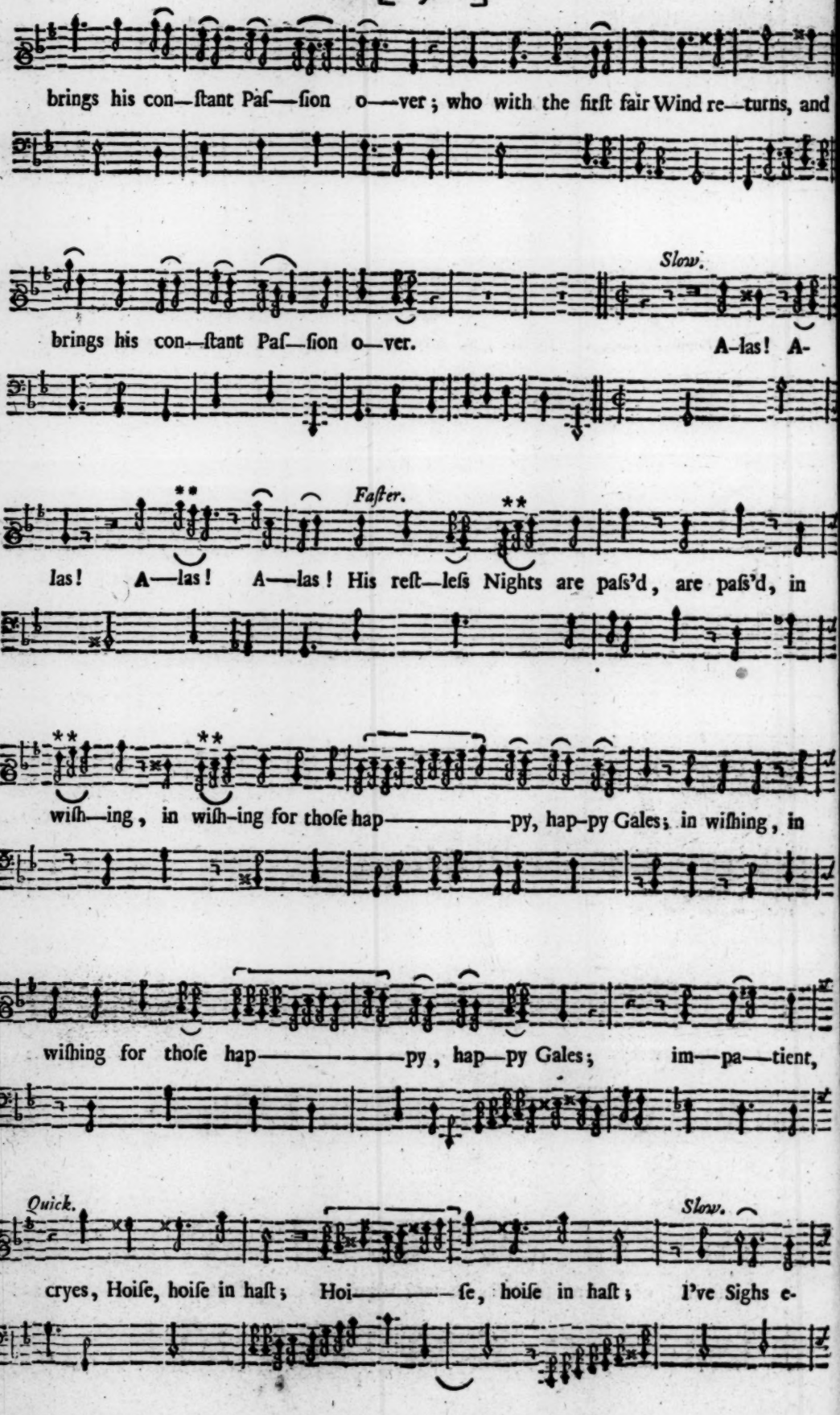



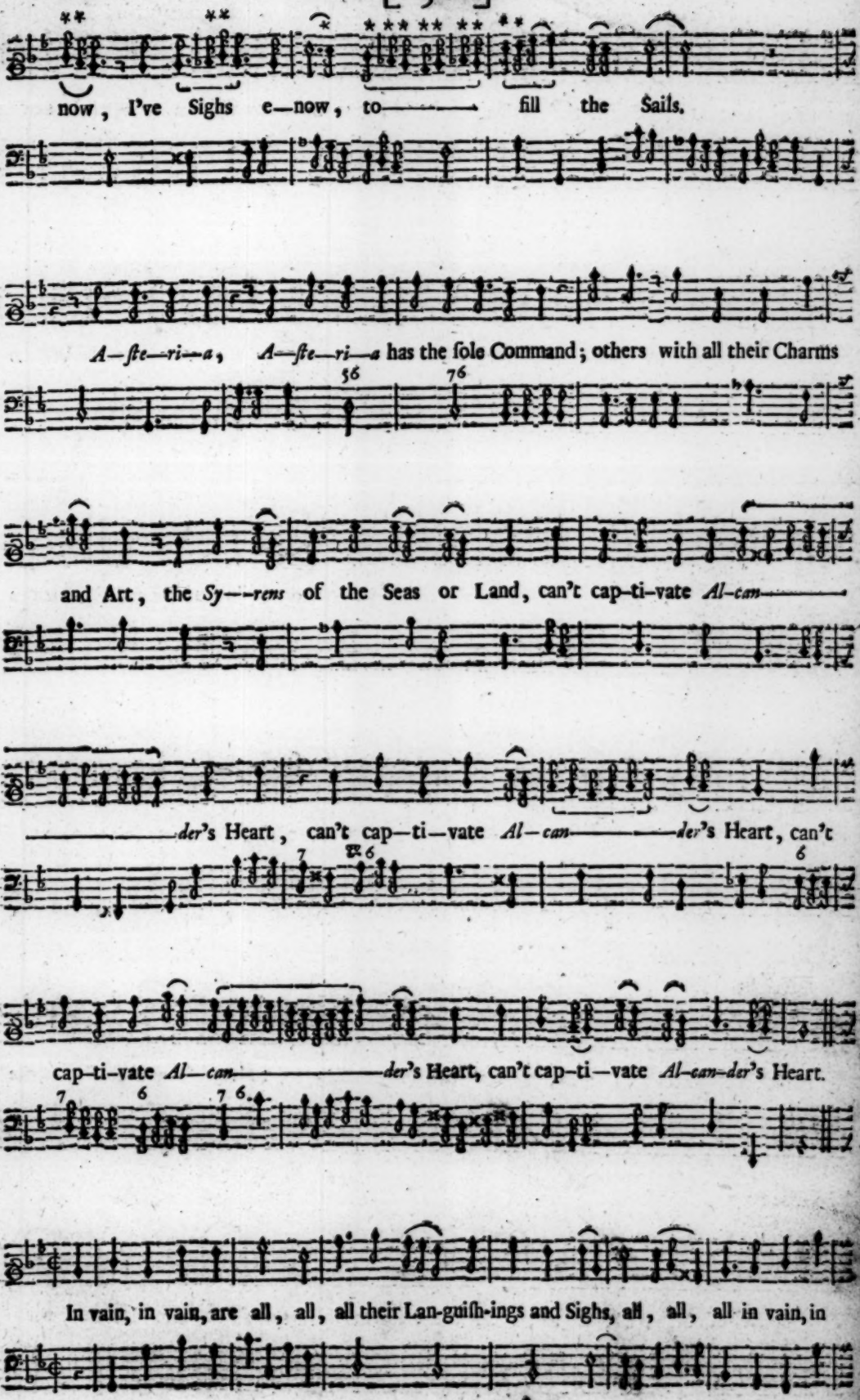

*The Words by Mr.* Herbert. *Set by Dr.* John Blow.




brings his con—ſtant Paſ—ſion o—ver; who with the firſt fair Wind re—turns, and
Slow.
brings his con—ſtant Paſ—ſion o—ver. A-las! A-
Faſter.
las! A—las! A—las! His reſt—leſs Nights are paſs'd, are paſs'd, in
wiſh—ing, in wiſh-ing for thoſe hap———py, hap-py Gales; in wiſhing, in
wiſhing for thoſe hap———py, hap—py Gales; im—pa—tient,
Quick.
Slow.
cryes, Hoiſe, hoiſe in haſt; Hoi———ſe, hoiſe in haſt; I've Sighs e-


now, I've Sighs e—now, to——— fill the Sails,
A—ſte—ri—a, A—ſte—ri—a has the ſole Command; others with all their Charms
and Art, the Sy——rens of the Seas or Land, can't cap-ti-vate Al-can———
———der's Heart, can't cap—ti—vate Al—can———der's Heart, can't
cap-ti-vate Al—can———der's Heart, can't cap-ti—vate Al-can-der's Heart.
In vain, in vain, are all, all, all their Lan-guiſh-ings and Sighs, all, all, all in vain, in

vain, in vain, they tempt the un-ſha-ken Mind; firm as a Rock, firm as a Rock, and

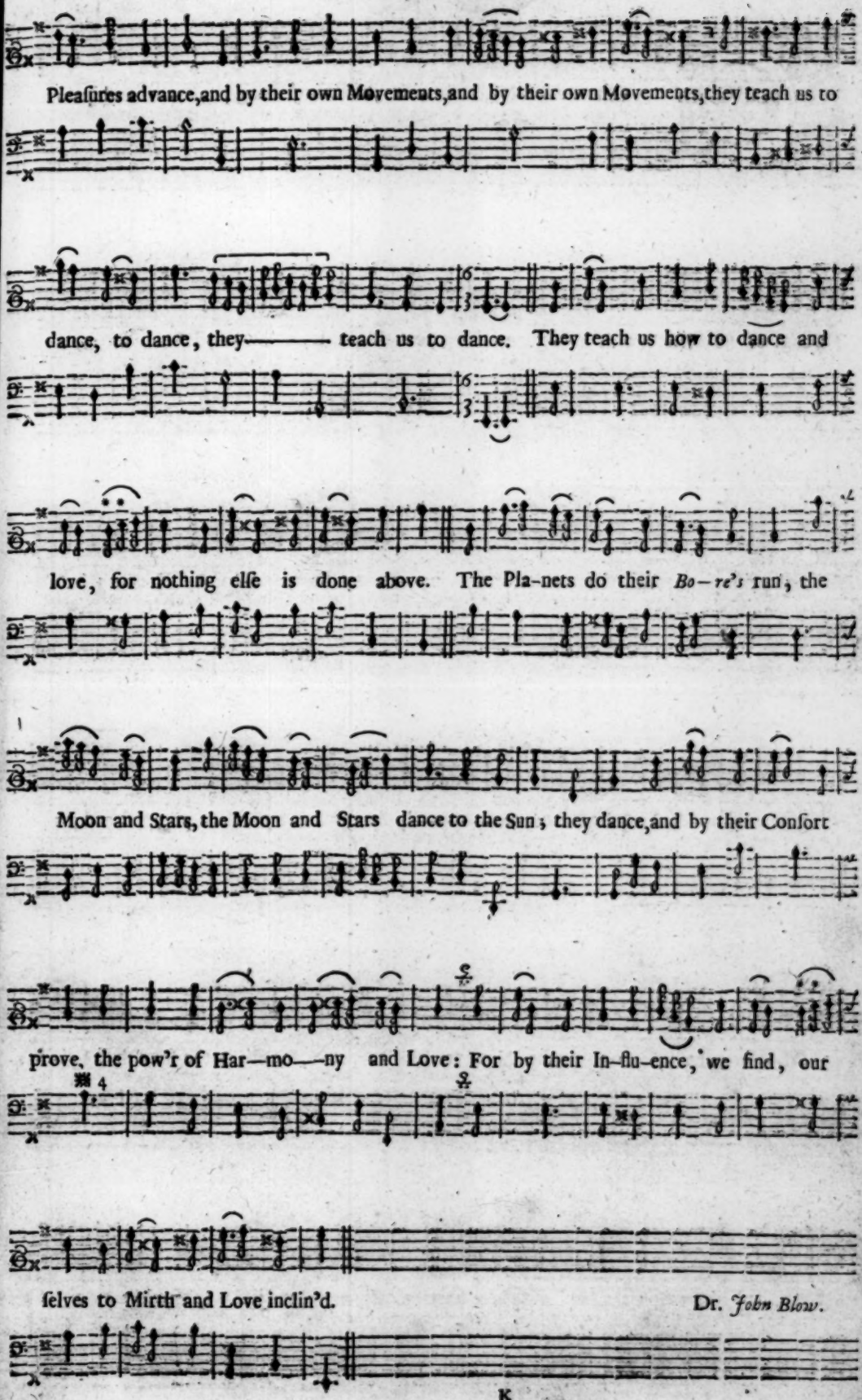
deaf——er to their Cries, he ſcat-ters, ſcat-ters all, all, all before the Wind.

When from the old *Chaos* briſk Light ſtarted out, in Number and Meaſure the

World mov'd about, in Num—ber and Meaſure the World mov'd about: Like Volumes of

Muſick the Spheres then began, to re—freſh and en——li-ven, to refreſh and en-li-ven, the

Spirit of Man; all, all, all the Orbs in their turns ſtill our Pleaſures, our


Pleaſures advance, and by their own Movements, and by their own Movements, they teach us to
dance, to dance, they——— teach us to dance. They teach us how to dance and
love, for nothing elſe is done above. The Pla-nets do their Bo-re's run, the
Moon and Stars, the Moon and Stars dance to the Sun; they dance, and by their Conſort
prove, the pow'r of Har—mo——ny and Love: For by their In-flu-ence, we find, our
ſelves to Mirth and Love inclin'd.
Dr. John Blow.

*Set by Dr.* John Blow.

COme Po—e-try, and with you bring along, a rich and painted

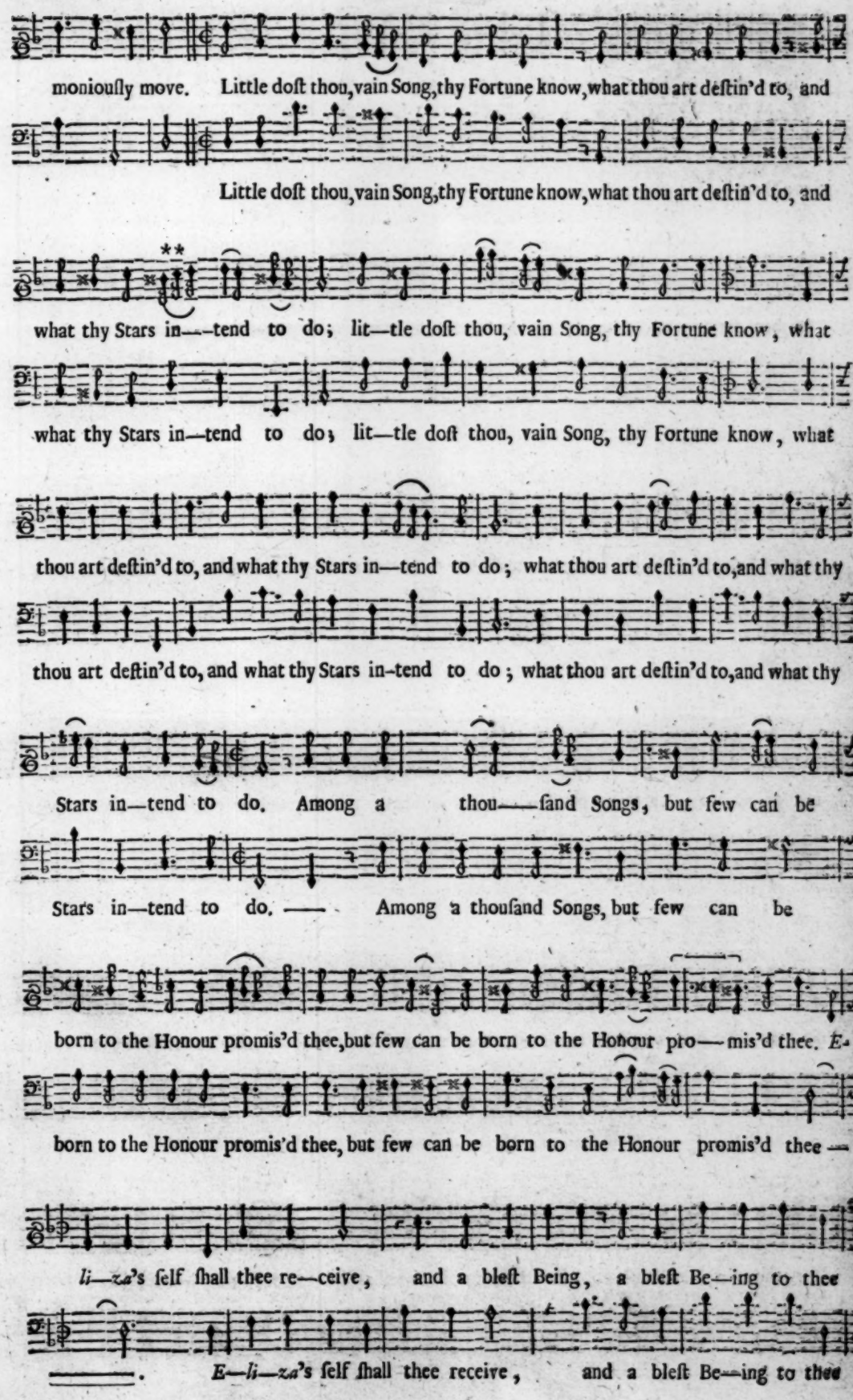
Throng, of no-bleſt Words in—to my Song; come Po-e-try, and with you bring along, a rich

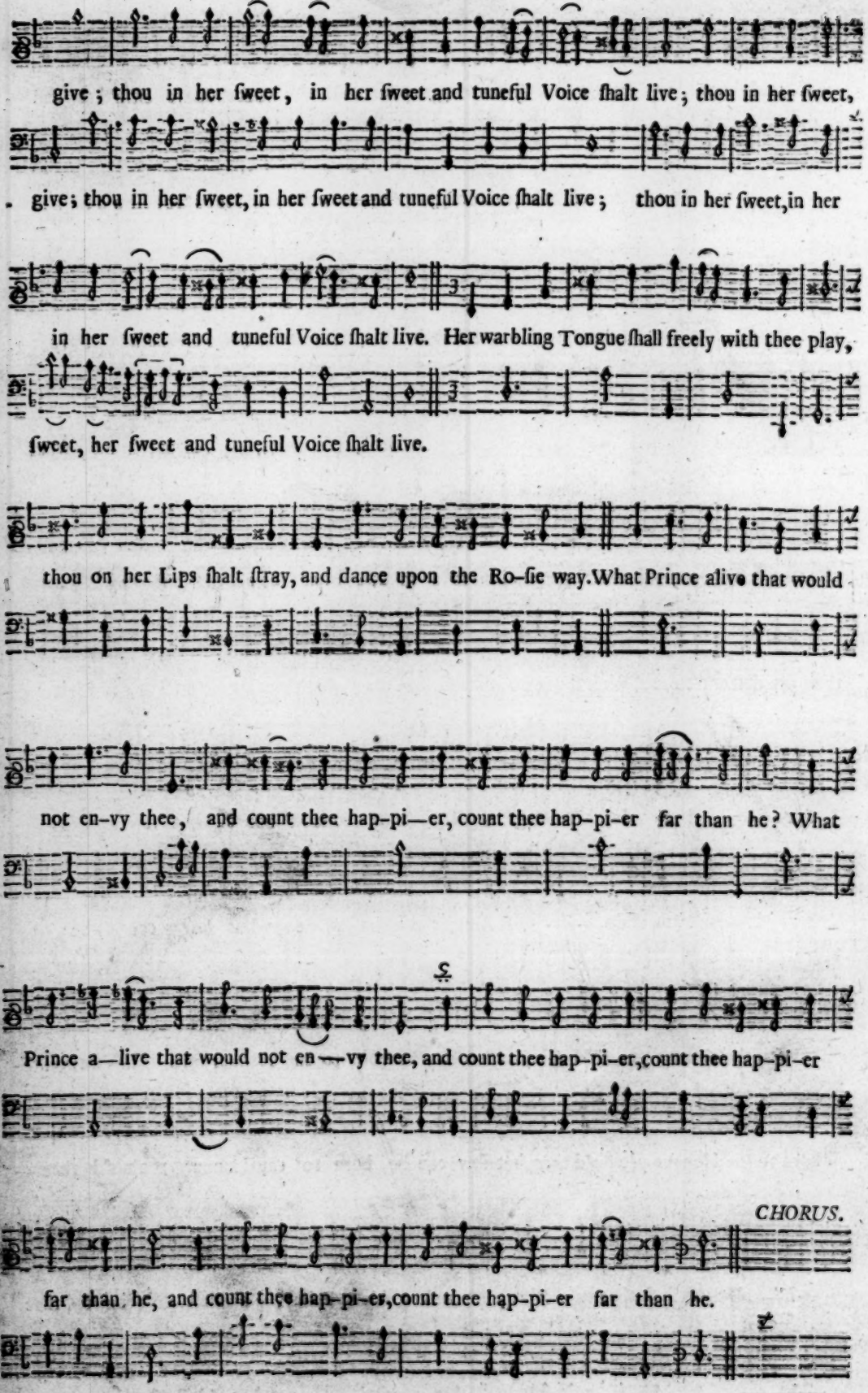
and painted Throng, of no—bleſt Words in—to my Song: In-to my Numbers let them

gent———ly flow, let them gent———ly flow, ſoft and pure, and pure, ſoft and pure as

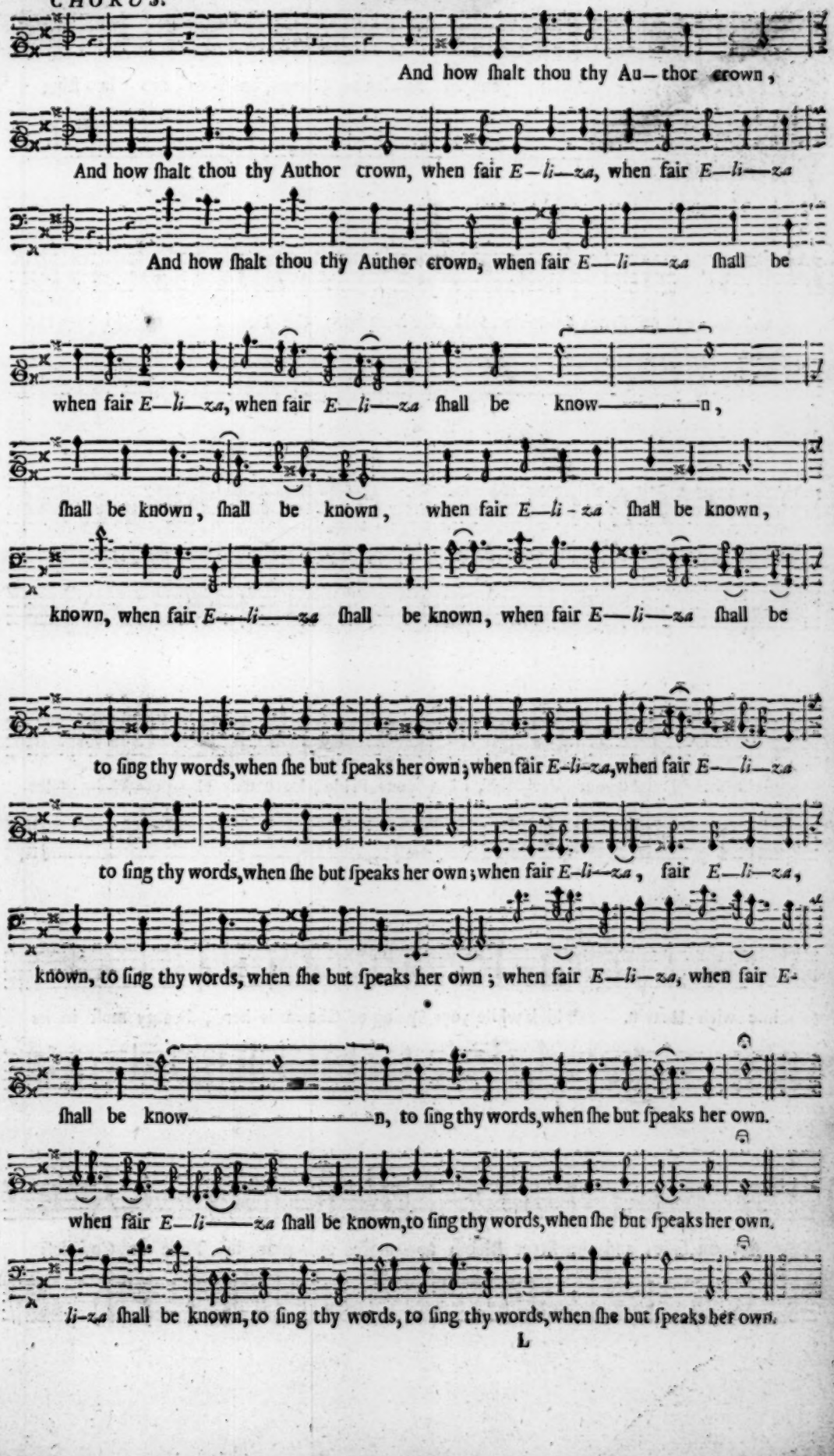
fal—ling Show; and turn the Number ſtill to prove, ſmooth as the ſmootheſt Sphere a-

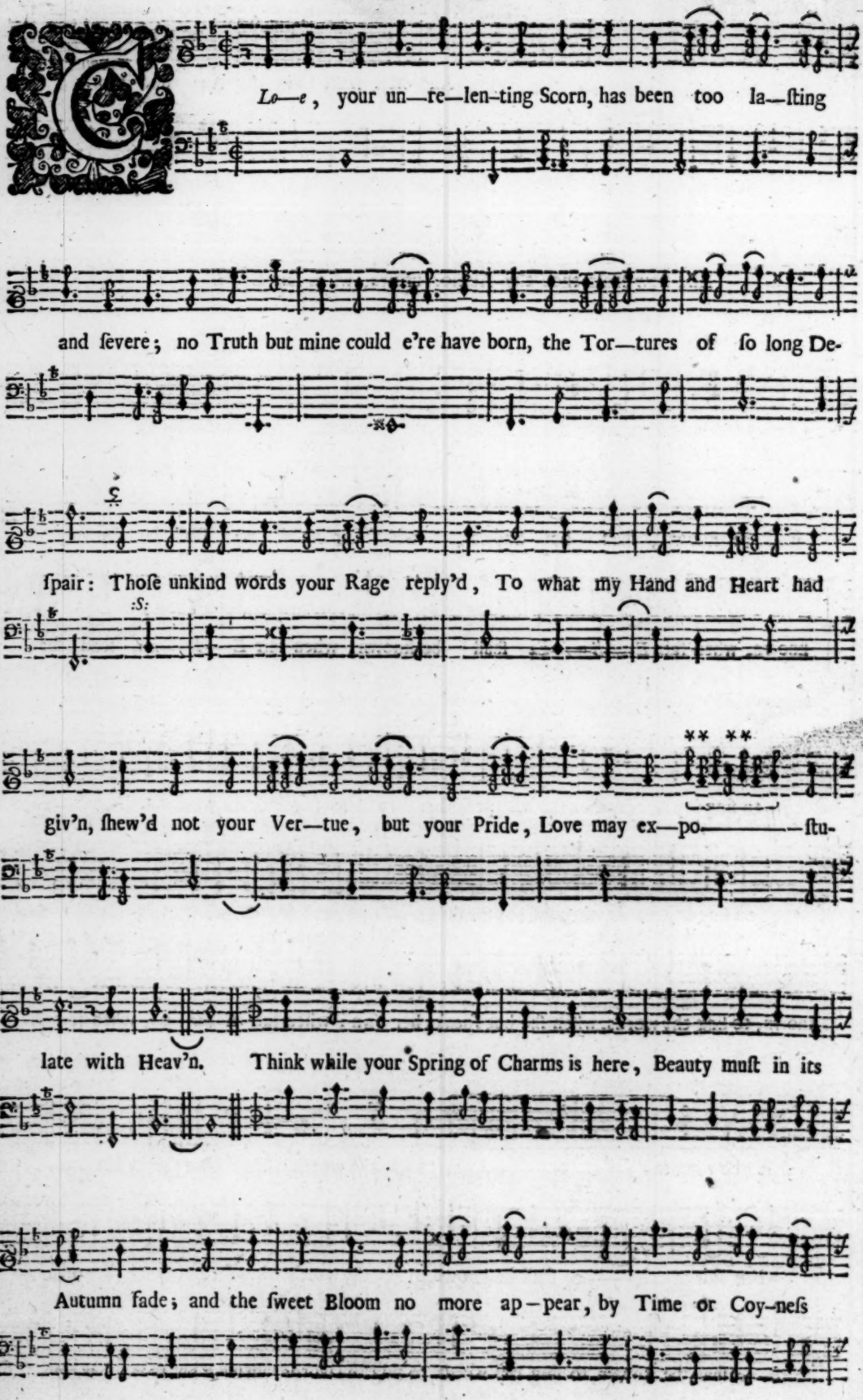
bove, and like a Sphere, like a Sphere harmoniouſly move, and like a Sphere, like a Sphere har-

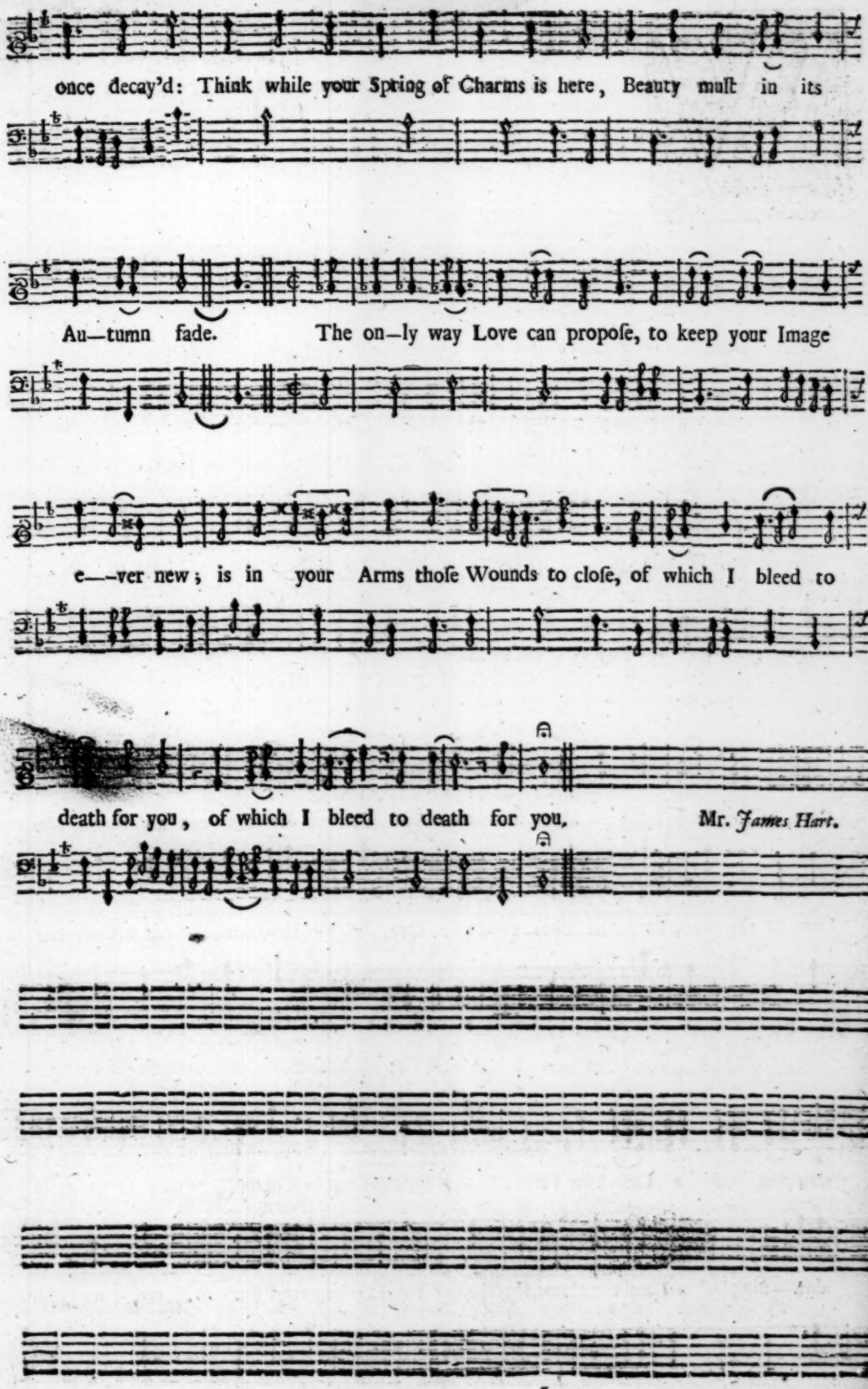

monioufly move. Little doſt thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know, what thou art deſtin'd to, and
Little doſt thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know, what thou art deſtin'd to, and
what thy Stars in—tend to do; lit—tle doſt thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know, what
what thy Stars in—tend to do; lit—tle doſt thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know, what
thou art deſtin'd to, and what thy Stars in—tend to do; what thou art deſtin'd to, and what thy
thou art deſtin'd to, and what thy Stars in-tend to do; what thou art deſtin'd to, and what thy
Stars in—tend to do. Among a thou—ſand Songs, but few can be
Stars in—tend to do. — Among a thouſand Songs, but few can be
born to the Honour promis'd thee, but few can be born to the Honour pro—mis'd thee. E-
born to the Honour promis'd thee, but few can be born to the Honour promis'd thee —
li—za's ſelf ſhall thee re—ceive, and a bleſt Being, a bleſt Be—ing to thee
—. E—li—za's ſelf ſhall thee receive, and a bleſt Be—ing to thee

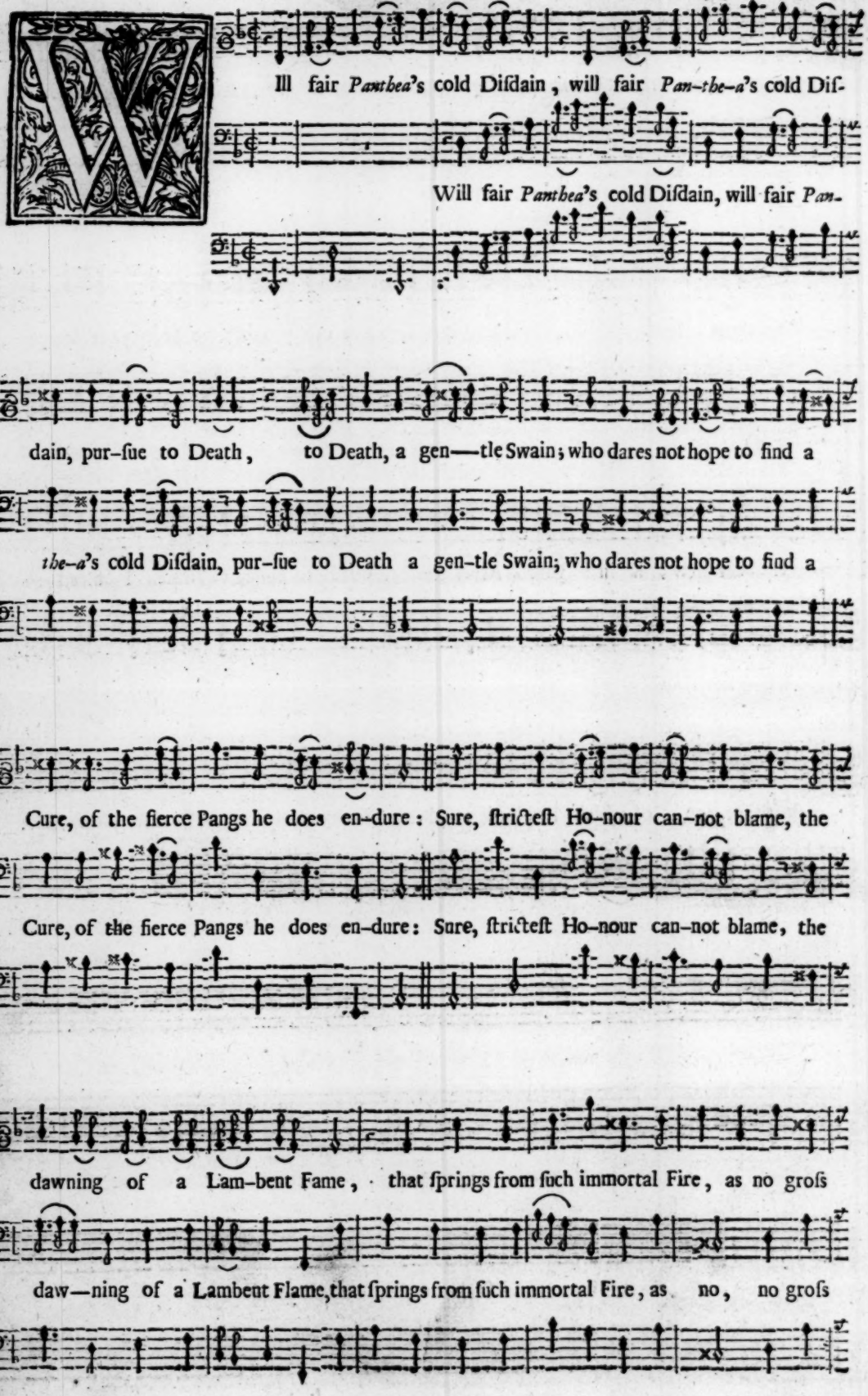

give; thou in her ſweet, in her ſweet and tuneful Voice ſhalt live; thou in her ſweet,
give; thou in her ſweet, in her ſweet and tuneful Voice ſhalt live; thou in her ſweet, in her
in her ſweet and tuneful Voice ſhalt live. Her warbling Tongue ſhall freely with thee play,
ſweet, her ſweet and tuneful Voice ſhalt live.
thou on her Lips ſhalt ſtray, and dance upon the Ro-ſie way. What Prince alive that would
not en-vy thee, and count thee hap-pi—er, count thee hap-pi-er far than he? What
Prince a—live that would not en—vy thee, and count thee hap-pi-er, count thee hap-pi-er
CHORUS.
far than he, and count thee hap-pi-er, count thee hap-pi-er far than he.

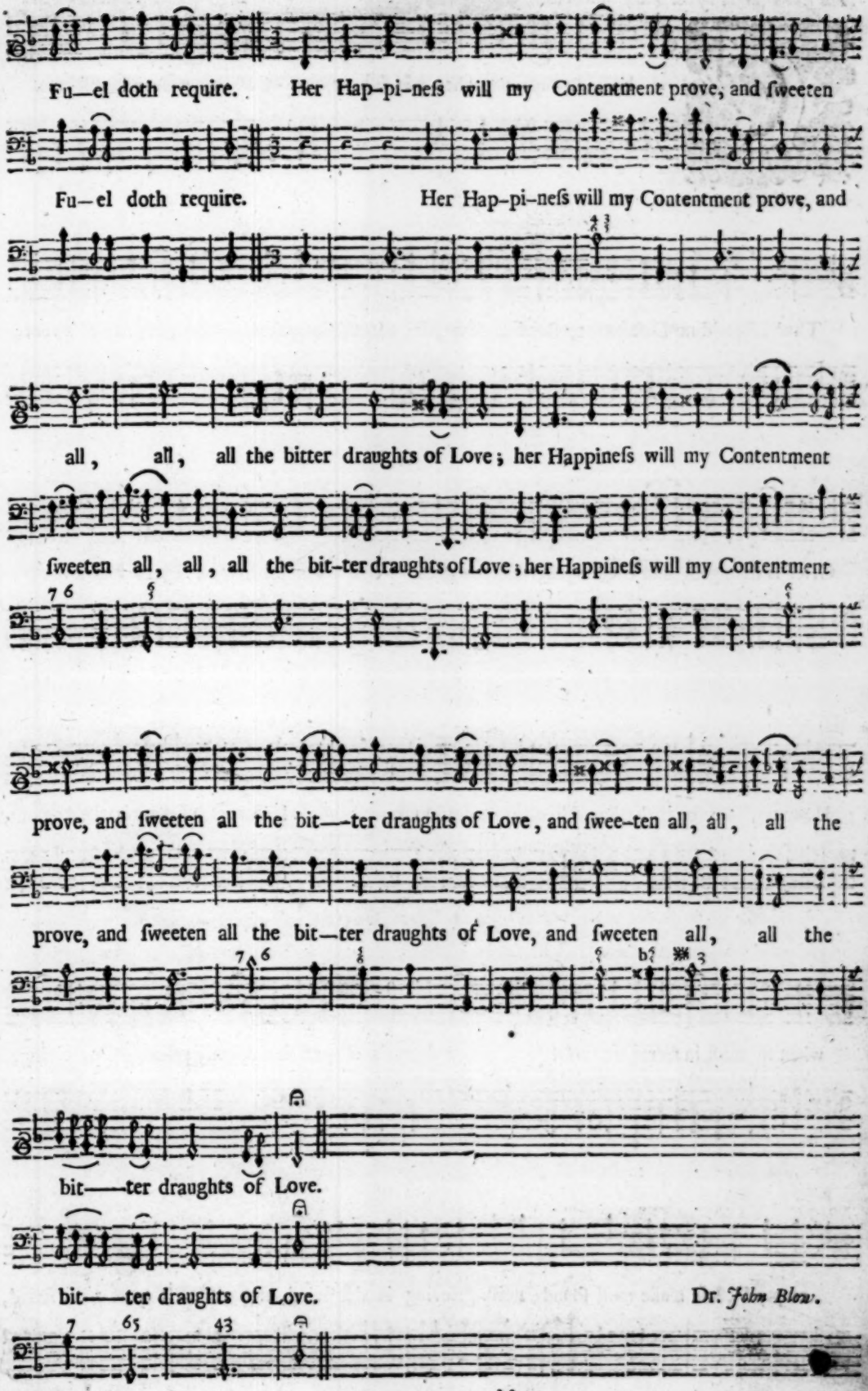
CHORUS.


And how ſhalt thou thy Au—thor crown,
And how ſhalt thou thy Author crown, when fair E—li—za, when fair E—li—za
And how ſhalt thou thy Author crown, when fair E—li——za ſhall be
when fair E—li—za, when fair E—li—za ſhall be know————n,
ſhall be known, ſhall be known, when fair E—li-za ſhall be known,
known, when fair E—li——za ſhall be known, when fair E—li—za ſhall be
to ſing thy words, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own; when fair E-li-za, when fair E—li—za
to ſing thy words, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own; when fair E-li—za, fair E—li—za,
known, to ſing thy words, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own; when fair E—li—za, when fair E-
ſhall be know————————n, to ſing thy words, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own.
when fair E—li——za ſhall be known, to ſing thy words, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own.
li-za ſhall be known, to ſing thy words, to ſing thy words, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own.


Lo—e, your un—re—len-ting Scorn, has been too la—ſting
and ſevere; no Truth but mine could e're have born, the Tor—tures of ſo long De-
ſpair: Thoſe unkind words your Rage reply'd, To what my Hand and Heart had
giv'n, ſhew'd not your Ver—tue, but your Pride, Love may ex—po————ſtu-
late with Heav'n. Think while your Spring of Charms is here, Beauty muſt in its
Autumn fade; and the ſweet Bloom no more ap-pear, by Time or Coy-neſs

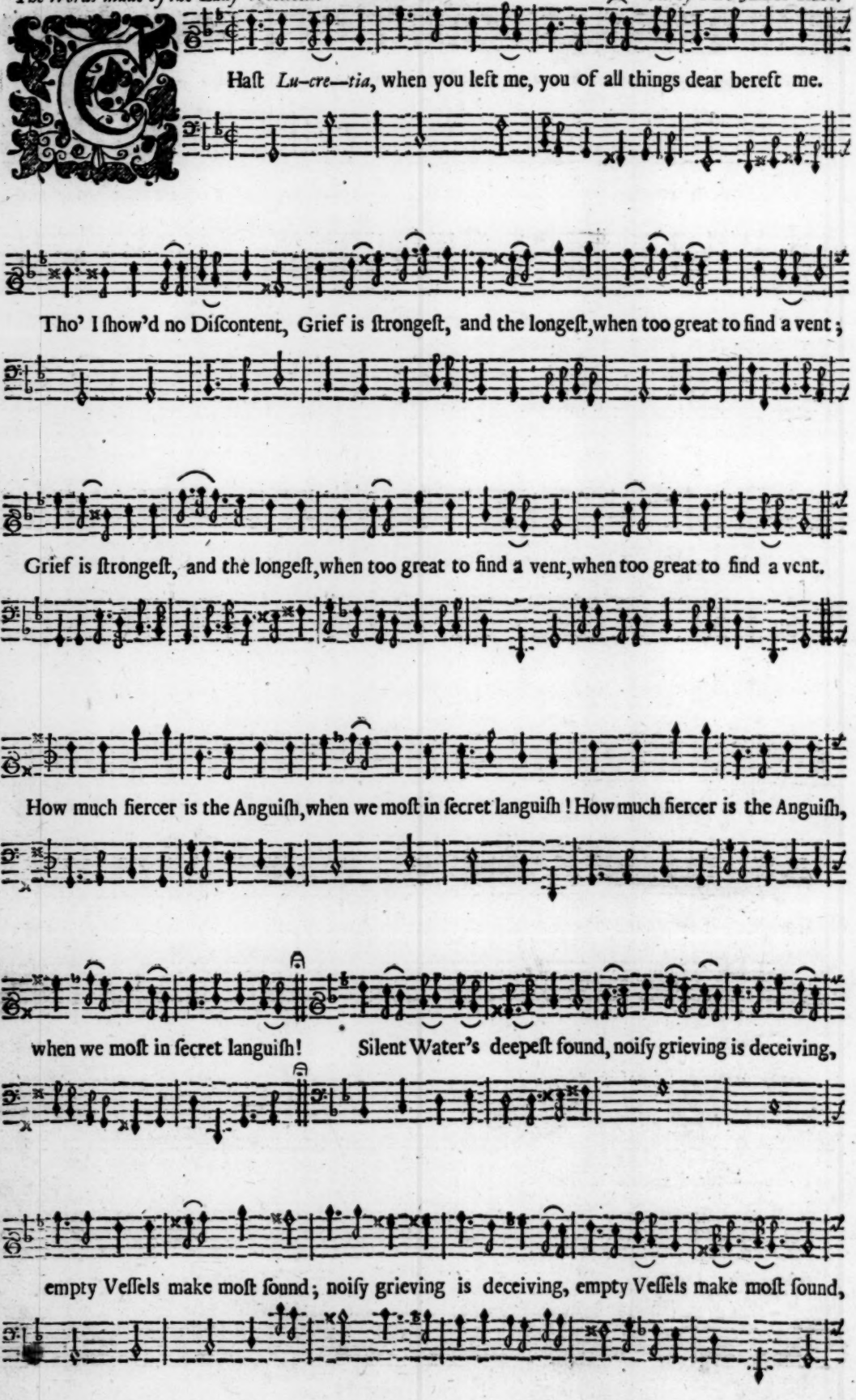

once decay'd: Think while your Spring of Charms is here, Beauty muſt in its
Au—tumn fade. The on—ly way Love can propoſe, to keep your Image
e—ver new; is in your Arms thoſe Wounds to cloſe, of which I bleed to
death for you, of which I bleed to death for you,
Mr. James Hart.

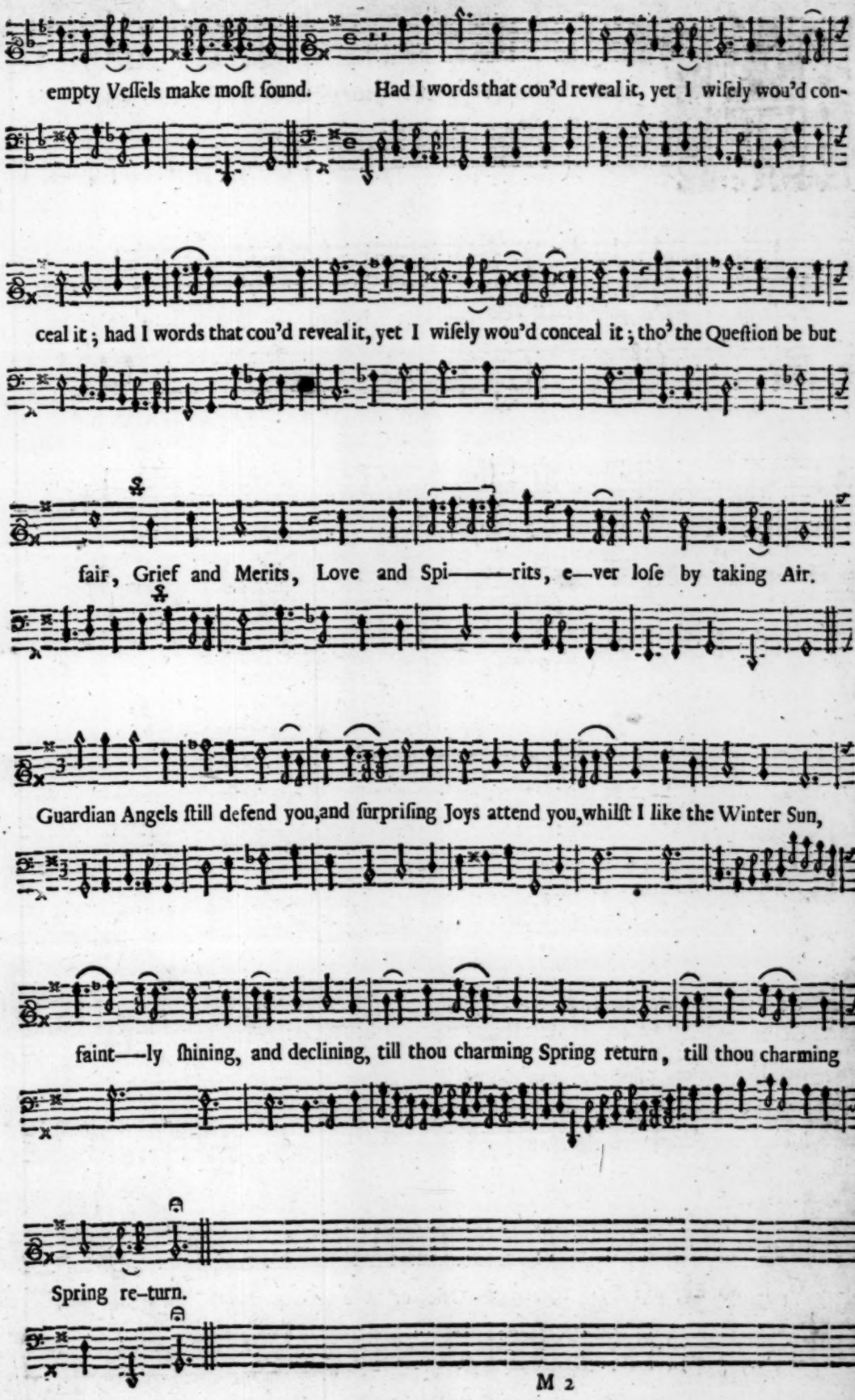

Will fair Panthea's cold Diſdain, will fair Pan-the-a's cold Diſ-
Will fair Panthea's cold Diſdain, will fair Pan-
dain, pur-ſue to Death, to Death, a gen—tle Swain; who dares not hope to find a
the-a's cold Diſdain, pur-ſue to Death a gen-tle Swain; who dares not hope to find a
Cure, of the fierce Pangs he does en-dure: Sure, ſtricteſt Ho-nour can-not blame, the
Cure, of the fierce Pangs he does en-dure: Sure, ſtricteſt Ho-nour can-not blame, the
dawning of a Lam-bent Fame, that ſprings from ſuch immortal Fire, as no groſs
daw—ning of a Lambent Flame, that ſprings from ſuch immortal Fire, as no, no groſs

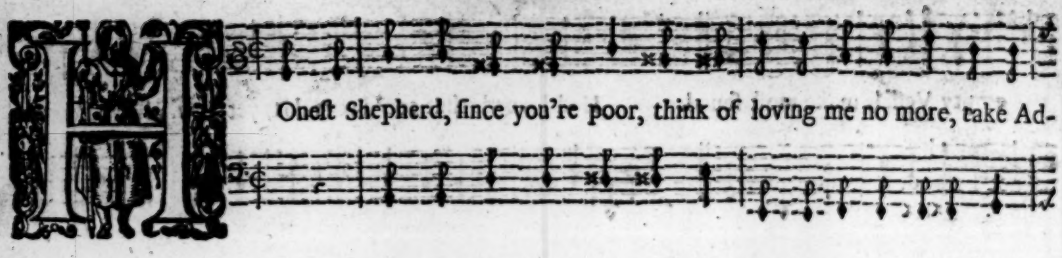

Fu—el doth require. Her Hap-pi-neſs will my Contentment prove, and ſweeten
Fu—el doth require. Her Hap-pi-neſs will my Contentment prove, and
all, all, all the bitter draughts of Love; her Happineſs will my Contentment
ſweeten all, all, all the bit-ter draughts of Love; her Happineſs will my Contentment
prove, and ſweeten all the bit—ter draughts of Love, and ſwee-ten all, all, all the
prove, and ſweeten all the bit—ter draughts of Love, and ſweeten all, all, all the
bit——ter draughts of Love.
bit——ter draughts of Love.

Dr. *John Blow.*

*The Words made by the Lady* Withens. *Set by Mr.* James Hart.



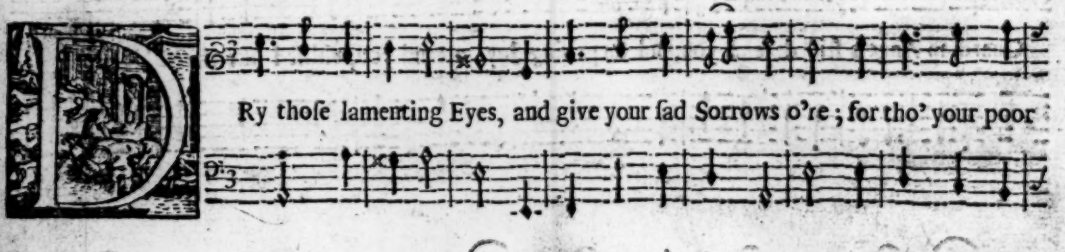

empty Veſſels make moſt ſound. Had I words that cou'd reveal it, yet I wiſely wou'd con-
ceal it; had I words that cou'd reveal it, yet I wiſely wou'd conceal it; tho' the Queſtion be but
fair, Grief and Merits, Love and Spi———rits, e—ver loſe by taking Air.
Guardian Angels ſtill defend you, and ſurpriſing Joys attend you, whilſt I like the Winter Sun,
faint—ly ſhining, and declining, till thou charming Spring return, till thou charming
Spring re-turn.




Mr. *James Hart.*

What fond Nymph can e're be kind,
To a Swain but rich in Mind,
If as well ſhe does not find
Gold within his Coffers?

Gold alone does Scorn remove,
Gold alone incites to Love,
Gold can moſt perſwaſive prove,
And make the faireſt Offers.




Mr. *John Roffey.*

*FINIS.*

4473
.13